SUSPENSE: A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL BY JOSEPH CONRAD

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Moods of Creation

TO one general class of writers of the prose we loosely characterize as fiction, the important thing is the transcription of life itself, the noting of its actual humors and ironies "just as they are, without one plea." These are those to whom the daily succession of incident, the daily evidence of their eyes and ears is absorbing enough in contemplation without necessitating recourse to imaginings of another world. The real, material world, with its mixture of pain and happiness, of loathsomeness and beauty, is a constant spur to their curiosity and gadfly to their progress through ream on ream of copy paper. We speak of such writers as "creators." But are they really creators? Are they not rather, at their best, sublime recorders? Have not our terms become a little twisted? For we do not regard as nearly so creative the second large class of tale-tellers whose vision of the real world is seen through colored glasses of a childish fancy. A defence might hereby be concocted for our "unreal" novelists, our masters and mistresses of the happy ending, our marionette-managers, our golden-glow and purple-patch experts. They, truly, create—not life as it is, but life as it might be if every honest working girl were a Cinderella and every Western lad a nature's nobleman in bronze. Yet we do not intend to concoct that defence!

These two types of writers deal with life. There is a third class that deliberately adventures into fantasy, into the veiled satiric parable or the rainbow parabola for the mere fun of the thing, those to whom writing is a spectacle to be enjoyed for itself, for the dance of the colors of words, the glitter of witty phrase, the imagining of many things that "might be" (for the sheer fun of the thing, and with the perfectly sane realization that such things never were and never will come to pass.) With these deliberate fantasists we have no concern in this musing. We confine ourselves to the two other types of "creators."

* * *

One could easily drift into metaphysics over the question. For the evidence of the splendor, of the gloom, of human life strikes very differently upon the eye and ear of any two chosen observers. And into all recording of life's evidence creeps another element, the particular mental and spiritual state of the recorder. The most truthfully compounded stories, of which we say, "Here *is* human life, here *are* real people, here is the scene and here are the characters presented 'convincingly,'—here is a perfectly recognizable coil of circumstance with a verifiable progress and conclusion of incident,"—yes, the very stories for which we make these claims reveal an unaccountable admixture of—something—in their fullest analysis. This "something" is the creative force of the writer, the quality of his or her interpretation, the colour of his or her spirit. Not even the most detached author can escape conveying this.

In such quality, then, must reside "creation." Creation is in the style and treatment, in the selection and arrangement of incident, in all the phrases of characterization. And it is wrought of the author's ardent sincerity. This is literary creation in its finest sense,—and it shows itself also in the use of intuition and imagination concerning people who must be composites of many real people the author has closely observed, concerning happenings

(*Continued on page* 80)

The Pioneer

By EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

UPON this marble bust that is not I
Lay the round, formal wreath that is not fame;
But in the forum of my silenced cry
Root ye the living tree whose sap is flame.
I, that was fierce and valiant, am no more,—
Save as a dream that wanders wide and late,
Save as a wind that rattles the stout door,
Troubling the ashes in the sheltered grate.
The stone will perish: I shall be twice dust.
Only my standard on a taken hill
Can cheat the mildew and the red-brown rust
And make immortal my adventurous will.
Even now the silk is tugging at the staff;
Take up the song,—forget the epitaph.

This Week

"Two Plays." Reviewed by *Joseph Campbell.*

"The Thread of Ariadne." Reviewed by *Hulbert Footner.*

"Italian Landscape in Eighteenth Century England." Reviewed by *E. Baldwin Smith.*

Two Books on Paul Bunyan. Reviewed by *Constance Mayfield Rourke.*

"Memories of a Happy Life." Reviewed by *Frederick S. Dickson.*

Ben Travers's Novels. Reviewed by *William Rose Benét.*

The Bowling Green. By *Christopher Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

The Criticism of Poetry. By *Edith Sitwell.*

A Reformed Character. By *C. A. Bennett.*

"Rarebit." By *Wilson Follett.*

John Woolman. By *F. V. Morley.*

The Uncrowned King of Sussex. By *Cameron Rogers.*

The Voyages of Captain Cook. By *William McFee.*

The Poems of H. D. Reviewed by *Lola Ridge.*

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Modern English Literature

By JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY

IN this matter of literature, as in most others, classification by centuries is arbitrary. If the end of a century coincides with the end of a literary movement, and the beginning of a century with the beginning of a new one, it is by accident. The accident happened at the end of the eighteenth century, when the "Age of Reason" in English literature finally began to give way before the upsurge of English Romanticism in Scott and the Lake Poets. But at the end of the nineteenth century, things did not arrange themselves so neatly.

The main division of which we are conscious is that between English literature after the war, and English literature before it. Up to 1914 the slow evolution seems, in retrospect, to have been steady: suddenly we are faced with a gap in the process. By using such language, we exaggerate; but exaggeration is inevitable in the effort to give definite shape to an essence so elusive as the characteristics of a literature. And the fact is that as we try to describe modern English literature, we find we are dealing not with one thing but two—literature before the war, and literature after it. But that division is complicated by the fact that pre-war literature did not cease when the European war began.

For the seven writers who began definitely to "arrive" at the beginning of the twentieth century—Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Rudyard Kipling, J. M. Barrie, Arnold Bennett, Joseph Conrad, and John Galsworthy—all men of about sixty years of age—are still a constellation apart. No younger writers are generally acknowledged to have joined their ranks. Some of the younger writers are popular and successful enough, more popular and successful perhaps than their seniors; but not one of them has attained a position of recognized equality with these older men. There is a gulf between the men of sixty and the men of forty.

* * *

The gulf is the European war. The seven established writers whom I have named possess in common a characteristic which has been scared out of the younger men. They are confident. They believe (or cannot disbelieve) in that prosperous society of England from 1890-1900 in which their young manhood was passed. However critical of established conventions their work may be, it is based upon a solid foundation of social acceptance. Shaw and Wells and Galsworthy, for example, believe that a change in the mechanism of modern society is sufficient to secure the millennium; Kipling's creed is romantic Imperialism—the mission of the Englishman to colonize the world; Barrie is the apologist for the more sentimental Victorian conventions, about which he skilfully casts a veil of glamour and romance; Bennett is the laureate of modern industrialism, who proves to his own satisfaction and the reader's enjoyment that great hotels and the life *de luxe* of industrial plutocracy are really highly desirable things; while Conrad, who was a Pole by birth, had all a foreigner's romantic admiration for the great tradition of the English sea-service.

What was, and still is, common to all these writers—save Conrad, who lately died—is a fundamental optimism. They may not go on to lengths of Dr. Pangloss in holding that "all is for the best, in the best of all possible worlds," for three of

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them—Shaw, Wells, and Galsworthy—are professed reformers; but they do believe that the best is not far off. Nothing, certainly, is radically wrong in the scheme of things: a few generations more, a little more common-sense in the organization of life, and the conditions of human existence will be perfect. While Barrie and Kipling and Bennett are not far from believing that things are well-nigh perfect as they are.

In this they differ most strikingly from the one writer remaining of the generation before them—Thomas Hardy. Thomas Hardy was born and lived remote from the centres of high industrial civilization. He was unaffected by that curious, almost galvanic fervor, with which the dweller in a great city is infected. He was not distracted by the clamor of commerce, the whirr of machinery, or the multiplicity of mere invention, from regarding the substance of life; and from his saturation in the unchanging life of the English peasantry he had come to feel that life was too big, too formidable, and too inscrutable to be easily shaped according to man's purposes. The idea that the millennium might come the day after tomorrow was fantastic to one who, within the narrow circle of his experience, had intensely regarded human destinies. Guided by some sure instinct Hardy turned away from the all-comprehending and intoxicating vistas of a world united in pursuit of progress which a high industrial civilization seemed to offer, to the contemplation of a small part of life which he really knew. He did not concern himself with empires, like Kipling, or with universes, like Wells; but with a few square miles of the English west country. What his chosen scene lacked in mere superficies, it gained a thousandfold in intensity. With the instinctive conviction that human life was essentially much the same in all its parts, Hardy surrendered himself to the task of knowing to the uttermost what lay to his hand and revealing what he learned. He did not gain much comfort from his study, save the one great reward of having served the truth. Having found no cause for overweening confidence, but rather some for dismay, he said so plainly, and was called a "pessimist" for his pains.

* * *

Thereby he became unpopular, since his final and most outspoken word as a novelist was uttered at the beginning of the ten years, 1890-1900, in which English optimism and self-confidence reached an extreme. The English public turned away from him to a rising generation of writers more in harmony with its mood; it did not mind being joked at by Shaw, or preached at by Wells, because it knew that Wells and Shaw and itself were in fundamental agreement with itself on the cardinal point: that life, in the high mechanical perfection it had reached by the end of the nineteenth century, was a thing to be confident about. The edifice might need a little alteration here and there, but the alterations necessary would be in the spirit of the thing—a few extra machines and a few extra liberties—and, on the whole, it was a famous affair.

And, for the fifteen years or so between the beginning of the twentieth century and the outbreak of the war, that was the general opinion. The blatant excess of self-confidence which reached its apogee at the time of the South African war, when Kipling (in his most unchastened mood) was the sole spokesman of the nation, had been mitigated. It was not quite so easy as all that to run the universe. There had to be a certain modesty; some minor improvements were doubtless necessary: and the nation gave a half-serious, half-amused, but altogether sympathetic attention to the writers I have named, who in their various fashions assured it that, with the various improvements they suggested, life would be nearly all that could be desired. Ultimate problems of life and death of the kind that Thomas Hardy had raised disappeared from our literature; it was concentrated upon secondary problems—the "sex question," marriage reform, medical reform, penal reform—all excellent things, no doubt, but things having this shortcoming, that they might all have been secured tomorow, without preventing the catastrophe or adding a grain of strength to man's power of resisting it.

The catastrophe was the war. Under its compelling influence, the writers who had superseded Thomas Hardy in the general esteem began to appear as tinged with insignificance beside him. He had dug his foundations deeper than they; he had built upon real bed-rock. Whereas they began to "date," he began to emerge as dateless, and to occupy his now unchallenged and unchallengeable position as the greatest of modern English writers. Therefore, though the greater part of his work—his novels—belong to the nineteenth century, he inevitably occupies the chief position in a consideration of the characteristics of English literature of the twentieth century. For he alone, of English writers living and famous in 1914, was adequate to that scrutiny of life which the war thrust upon the nation at large.

I would not imply that the experience of the war left the middle generation of writers undisturbed; they were disturbed—Wells was profoundly disturbed in "Mr. Britling"—but their attitudes to life were formed. They could not change essentially. Wells became a chief propagandist for the League of Nations—another mechanical improvement to prevent another conflagration: and when that phase was over, he turned to more education. Of them all perhaps Shaw was most deeply changed. His evolution from the nihilism of "Heartbreak House," through the merely scientific meliorism of "Back to Methuselah," to the religious mysticism of "Saint Joan," is significant enough. But even Shaw has not been able to transcend his own limitations: "Saint Joan" is rather an intellectualist's admission of the necessity of mysticism, than the active promulgation of a felt necessity.

For the youngest generation these comparatively superficial solutions were impossible. Its members themselves were involved in the war. If they themselves had the luck not to die, their brothers did. From the very beginning they had to face ultimate questions. That whole civilization which had been taken for granted by their elders was to them an object of suspicion and a cause of despair. A civilization which could culminate in the European war seemed to them by the very fact utterly condemned. The criticism of their elders appeared shallow, and the doctrine of amelioration by mechanical change illusory. They did not become revolutionary, for revolution seemed to them as futile as war itself. They became nihilists; they touched the bottom of an abyss of despair. They found but one contemporary hero. He was Thomas Hardy.

It is not easy to create out of despair. The most facile of the younger writers turned to a cynical hedonism which, though familiar enough out of England, was novel in English literature; and this cynicism proved to be the manifestation of the post-war attitude most popular with the general public, to whose war-weary nonchalance it makes the same appeal as the night club or jazz music. But even by the general public itself this literature of cynicism is felt to be somehow unworthy; no one would dream of mentioning its successful practitioners in the same breath as the older writers.

* * *

The real literary effort of the younger writers is more arduous. They are struggling to create for themselves a basis for creation—a philosophy of life by which they may live; they are trying to discover for themselves a justification of their own activity. Such was the effort of the most exquisite artist among them, the late Katherine Mansfield, whose death two years ago deprived England of her only short-story writer of genius since Kipling. No one was plunged deeper into despair than she: no one more evidently won a victory over it: she succeeded in justifying her exquisite art to herself only by transforming it into the utterance of a complete acceptance of human destiny. Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the most greatly gifted of all the younger English novelists, is less balanced and restrained, but his impassioned criticism of the sham idealism which contaminates English life and his advocacy of a return to the instincts, is at least adequate to the distress of his generation. He seeks to overcome a profound despair by a search for the profound springs of life.

One could multiply examples of this radical self-questioning; but the point is that the whole impulse of modern English literature is intensely critical, to such a point indeed that at the present time literary criticism, in so far as it is not merely day-to-day journalism, is an integral part of creative literature. The perennial academic question: What is the function of art? has suddenly taken on an almost agonized actuality. Among all the more serious of the younger writers the two incessant questions are: Why live? Why write? and all their energies are intent upon finding some answer to them. So long as this effort at criticism remains purely intellectual, a cynical pessimism is its inevitable conclusion, and the function of the writer is fixed as one of mere amusement. That phase is the most obvious in contemporary English literature, and the one which would be most evident to the superficial observer. But the more important younger writers are precisely those who know that their attitude cannot be purely intellectual because their activity itself is not purely intellectual. Certain things have to be accepted as beyond the scrutiny of the intellect; chief among these is life itself. And by life I mean not merely the vast complex of human destinies, but also the vital urge within the individual himself. The system or the society of which the individual is a member is profoundly mistrusted; to it belongs the blame of the catastrophe of the war. But the individual himself remains. He cannot trust the system; he must trust himself. So that the great critical problem with which modern English literature is trying to grapple is two-fold. Is there a meaning in life? Is there a meaning in a man's share of it? Is there in the universe at large a general process man may trust? Has he a self which he can trust?

Such a search tends to become mystical or religious; and certainly mysticism or religion play a far greater part than appears at first sight in the thought of modern English writers. Even the older generation is by no means immune, as we have seen in the case of Mr. Bernard Shaw. But the younger generation is less intellectual and less tangible than Mr. Shaw, and it would be extremely shy of appearing under so definite and even sectarian a banner as that of Mr. Shaw's "Saint Joan." It mistrusts the old religious formulations quite as deeply as the old social commonplaces; its religion is most closely allied to the religion of the great individualists—something which is by nature informulable and can certainly not be fully expressed in creeds and theologies. It is along this path that the effort of the younger generation in literature seems likely to reach a culmination of permanent value.

Two Dublin Plays

TWO PLAYS. By SEAN O'CASEY. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1925. $2.25.

Reviewed by JOSEPH CAMPBELL

AN American friend who was recently in Dublin made the remark to me: "Your capital, you know, is an eighteenth-century city, and many of its modern social problems must be approached from that angle." "How do you mean?" I asked. "I mean that the actual physical fabric of the city has served its purpose. It is outworn. Public buildings, rich houses, tenements are alike in this; a sort of psychic evil—it's worse than inertia—exudes from the walls."

The eyes of a stranger are sharp: I confess I never saw the city quite in that way before.

The past, of course, dominates Ireland; but in no country in the world have the people such a persistent vitality, such sheer animal youthfulness. One has only to meet them in a place where mixed nationals resort to see the truth of what I write. On a westbound Atlantic liner, for instance, the deck where the reels and jigs are danced is the *sun*-deck of the ship, and dark-browed Italians, phlegmatic Germans, and querulous Poles will gather round to watch and applaud. Dublin's educated classes are wittily charming. Dublin's poor folk are cheerful in the face of a political history and of economic conditions that would make of any other slum-dwellers a race of morons and suicides.

The action of these Two Plays is almost contemporary. "Juno and the Paycock" is dated 1922, "The Shadow of a Gunman," 1920; but in each case the setting is a Dublin tenement—antique, once splendid, the town-house, perhaps, of some buck of the wig and silk stocking period, but now squalid and tottering. Things are so bad, that it would appear difficult to make any improvement in such places, short of demolition. Both plays are labelled tragedies; rather are they ironic comedies. The fact that they mirror poverty, and poverty seen at its drabbest in war, does not prevent them from being funny to the point of caricature. Hogarth might have written them, had he been a dramatist. The word tragedy, in the Aristotelian sense, implies something that cleanses through pity and terror. Shock—a thorough shaking out of my equanimity—was the vibration I got from reading the plays; Abbey Theater audiences have, I understand, laughed at them as they would at a farce of Lady Gregory's.

The plots are so immaterial, as to make one won-

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der that so fragile [illegible] much robust flesh and blood of character. Certain critics will plead for the architectonic side of the plays, but to me it is in character-drawing that their excellence lies. Mr. James Stephens made the statement recently that Mr. O'Casey, himself only a labor-worker unused to the handling of pen and taught the Dublin *littérateurs* how to write. Yet little there is a deal of leprachaunish flightiness in what Mr. Stephens says, he is pretty near the mark here. To be able to evoke sentiment, breathing creatures —men and women with the impress of life upon them—out of blank space is half the creative writer's equipment. It is the touchstone of all the great literary artists from Shakespeare to Chekov, and Mr. O'Casey is a juvenist of their order. High praise, but praise deserved.

The story of "Juno and the Paycock" turns on the hopes and ultimate disillusionment of a family of Dublin workers. Captain Jack Boyle, the father, might be described more properly as a chronic looker-for-work—a scrounger—rather than a worker. He has been left a fortune of about eight thousand dollars by a cousin, a Mr. Ellison, who has just died in the country. The fortune turns out to be mythical, and my brave Captain, having acquired a gramophone, a gaudily-upholstered lounge and armchair, cheap pictures, vases, and other impedimenta of the propertied on the strength of it, strikes his flag, and resumes his old cadging habits.

The Captain is a man on in years, with a bullet head and reddish-purple cheeks. He has been "wanst on the wather in on oul' collier" trading between Dublin and Liverpool; he habitually wears a faded seaman's cap with a glazed peak—hence the nautical sobriquet. He has an *alter ego* in one Joxer Daly. With him he goes "struttin' about the town like a paycock." An inimitable duo, comparable in their line with Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek, or with Falstaff and Bardolph. Wherever Joxer is the Captain is—"drinkin' in some snug or other." "Now an' agen we have our differ," says the Captain, "but we're there together all the time." And Joxer answers: "Me for you, an you for me, like the two Musketeers." The Captain has a temperamental aversion to what he calls "climbin' jobs," that is, jobs involving the ascent of a ladder in building operations. But the mere suggestion of work of any kind (and Father Farrel, the local priest, occasionally gets him a start) brings on violent rheumatic pains in his legs. "That man'll be lookin' for somethin' on the Day of Judgment," says his wife, Juno, in Act I. And in Act III, "He'll be hopeless till the end of his days."

The father of the Karamazovs—aristocratic buffoon, drunkard, squanderer of the chances of life—in Dostoievsky's novel, is a tragic figure; Captain Boyle—a proletarian of corresponding type—in Mr. O'Casey's play, is not.

Joxer is a familiar Dublin specimen, but Mr. O'Casey's net has been the first to catch him. He looks a lot older than his butty. His face is a wisp of crinkled paper. He is spare and loosely built. He has a habit of constantly shrugging his shoulders with a peculiar twitching movement meant to be ingratiating. He has tags of proverbial learning, he quotes patriotic poetry on the slightest provocation, and in his sentimental moods he sings songs with his eyes shut. A foxy matterjack,—"past Chief Ranger of the Dear Little Shamrock Branch of the Irish National Foresters," a semi-political, semi-mutual-benefit organization, whose members parade on St. Patrick's Day in Robert Emmet costume. There is a scene in Act I between the pair which is the apotheosis of ironic comedy. The Captain is holding forth on his imaginary exploits when he went sailing from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean. He describes his alleged hardships and perils at length. Then there is a pause, and he says:

> . . . an' it blowed, an' blowed—blew is the right word, Joxer, but blowed is what the sailors use. . .
>
> *Joxer.* Aw, it's a darlin' word, a daarlin' word.
>
> *Boyle.* An', as it blowed an' blowed, I often looked up at the sky an' assed meself the question—what is the stars?
>
> *Voice of Coal-vendor, outside.* Any blocks, coal-blocks; blocks, coal-blocks!
>
> *Joxer.* Ah, that's the question,—What is the stars?

Between them, with their idle drinking habits and idler talk, Juno Boyle has an uncomfortable time. She is forty-five. Twenty years ago she must have been a pretty woman; but her face has now assumed that look which ultimately settles upon the faces of the women of the working-class. We know that look. We see it on the sidewalks, and in trolley-cars and subway trains every day: careworn beauty giving place to an expression of harassed resistance and mechanical resistance. Captain Boyle explains to the schoolmaster, Bentham, who has brought him news of the legacy, how she came by her mythological name:

> You see, Juno was born an' christened in June; I met her in June, we were married in June, an' Johnny was born in June, so wan day I says to her, "You should a' been called Juno," an' the name stuck to her ever since.

In another place he complains that "'tis n't Juno she ought be her pet name at all, but Deirdre of the Sorras, for she's always grousin'." But she has her *tu quoque*. "Amn't I nicely handicapped with the whole o' youse!" And she is, poor woman; for on her shoulders fall not only the consequences of her husband's and Joxer's misdeeds, but the troubles of her son and daughter as well.

Juno, being a woman, succumbs to the feeling of prodigality felt by her husband when the "banjax of a will" is first read to him. She launches on a sea of unaccustomed expenditure, while having (womanlike, again) a secret dread that it will all turn out badly. When the crash comes at last—when the very foundations of existence seem to be slipping from under her, it is then Juno shows her womanly mettle and rises to her true height. "Who has kep' the home together for the past few years," she cries with passionate remonstrance—"only me? An' who'll have to bear the biggest part o' this throuble but me?" and to her daughter, who in the lunacy of her grief denies there is a God—"there isn't a God: if there was He wouldn't let these things happen!"—she says.

> Mary, Mary, you mustn't say them things. We'll want all the help we can get from God an' His Blessed Mother now! These things have nothin' to do with the Will o' God. Ah, what can God do agen the stupidity o' men!

"Juno and the Paycock" is a feminist document. Defenders of Art-for-Art's sake would, I suppose, protest that the dramatist is not concerned with the exposition of any special theory, or with putting before the public propaganda for any particular cause. They may be right; they may be wrong. But this play affects me in the same way that "Measure for Measure" does, or that "Anna Karenina" does. It points an accusing finger at men: it sets woman on a pedestal.

"The Shadow of a Gunman" is not, by a long way, as good as its fellow. It is a study of the Black and Tan period, when it was dangerous to be in the Irish movement and equally dangerous to be out. There is a raid by British Auxiliaries in Act II, which gives a thrilling picture of what Dublin had to endure in the cataclysmic years, 1920-21. Mr. O'Casey's touch is not so sure in this play as in the other; it bears the sign-manual of apprenticeship. Donal Davoren is such a poet as one never met on sea or land. But there is Mrs. Grigson, the cave-dweller; and her loyalist husband, Adolphus; and Mr. Gallegher and Mrs. Henderson—creations in the author's best comic vein.

And there is Minnie Powell, who stands up to the soldiers when strong men blench and run away. The cloven hoof of feminism again!

I hope New Yorkers will soon have an opportunity of seeing Mr. O'Casey's work on the stage. They will admire his strongly-painted portraits. They will enjoy the humorous sallies of folk who, with true Irish paradox, live the saddest of lives. Dublin is a city of decay; the past dominates it like an incubus. Irish distressfulness still persists in spite of "articles of agreement for a treaty." There is hunger in Kerry and Galway and Mayo; unemployment is rife everywhere; and the banks are paying 25 percent dividends. But over all rings the amazing Irish laugh—oftentimes sardonic, oftener kindly—the laugh, particularly, of unconquered women working in their kitchens and of innocent little children playing in the streets and fields.

Merry cupids were singing in the air.

"From the Fat of the Cat," by Gottfried Keller
(Harcourt, Brace)

A Valiant Book

THE THREAD OF ARIADNE. By ADRIAN STOKES. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1925. $2.50.

Reviewed by HULBERT FOOTNER

THIS remarkable book defies the usual categories. It is really entitled to two reviews of which this should be the second. It is a philosophical work (though the author denies it) and as such, should be brought to the attention of a learned doctor. Like David, the young author sets out to destroy the Goliath of scholastic philosophy. This Goliath will hardly fall so suddenly as his prototype; the learned doctors if they take any notice at all of David, will have little difficulty in demolishing him (at least to their own satisfaction) with their batteries of definitions, concepts, syllogisms, and all the strange weapons of the professional philosopher's terminology.

But supposing this to happen, the matter is by no means ended there. The book is also the autobiography of a soul, and may be judged in relation to other human documents. It is beautiful; poetic; charged with strong feeling restrained by art; it is therefore eligible to the lists of literature, there to contend with books as a book. The author's conclusions are perhaps not so important as he thinks; and his hot crusading spirit causes a man twice his age to smile in friendly fashion; but the fight he puts up is altogether splendid. He will not destroy "official thinking" as he so fondly hopes; one can hardly see him making a single convert from amongst the "mathematically-minded," but he has with him from the start all those who love valor. The fine thing about the show is not how he does in Goliath, but how he finds his own soul.

Battle is joined on the mental and spiritual planes, and this book is therefore not meet for the fluffy-minded, as the author calls them. It is an attempt to speak that which is beyond speech. The author is forced to convey his new matter in the very phrases, outworn, which his new thoughts seek to destroy. All this makes difficult reading. If you stay with it, you will be repaid. Upon a second reading the book becomes luminous with the author's generous passion for right thinking. Like all strongly-felt books the fire that is in him transmits his thoughts into just and glowing phrases.

Mr. Stokes contends that Abstract Philosophy, hitherto regarded as the fine flower of the human mind, is sterile and false; worse than useless as a guide to the conduct of life. Many who know little of the questions of philosophy have felt this; but have not dared to enunciate it. Mr. Stokes speaks with the authority of an initiate. His book presents the piquant spectacle of a logical mind attacking logic. The whole body of man's thinking, he argues, in its preoccupation with coherency, order, and system, is false. False since the Greeks who established the forms of our thought. Man's very language obscures the real issues of life. "My struggle is with words." The whole "common heritage" must be thrown overboard, and man falls back on the "Great Commonplaces," by which, I suppose, he means the dictates of the heart. The reader may supply his own phraseology. This is the way I would put it: "That all thinking is sterile unless the heart shares in it, with the head."

A stimulating book! The reader is led to consult his own heart. He may disagree with the author on every page. What of it? If men were as honest and clear-sighted as Mr. Stokes bids them be, no two men would think alike, and that would be all to the good. The reader may easily perceive how fallible the author is, how inexperienced, but

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he must feel that he is sound at heart. He may not be attacked save with the weapons of logic and reason which he despises. One of the signs of youthfulness which the book betrays, is the author's touching conviction that he stands quite alone. One hopes that as a result of writing his book, he will find differently.

The introductory statement and the summing-up, while they contain passages of wisdom and beauty —*vide* Mr. Stokes's adjurations to the artists of the future; are marred by that very rationalizing which he deplores. It was inescapable. The middle part of the book deals with his own arduous pilgrimage in search of truth. Much of it is in the form of extracts from the diary of a voyage around the world "on the cheap." All this is pure drama—if one will admit drama into the sphere of mind. The spectacle of a passionate, thoughtful youth, solitary and despairing in a world peopled by gigantic, meaningless abstractions, mastering the monsters by the sheer power of mind, and achieving serenity—if this is not drama, where is one to find it?

But in dwelling on the drama which so delights me, I may seem to be doing scant justice to the ideas set forth in the book. They are great and true ideas. They are in the air nowadays; one receives hints of them from this quarter and that. This book ought to be much easier for the young to read; they are ripe for it. These are the ideas of tomorrow. No young man, unless he be hopelessly "fluffy-minded," should miss reading it; and it will do the old ones good, too. I am not going to attempt to place the book; but this I say deliberately; that it reveals a great soul. And I am not one of those optimists who discover a great soul every month or so; this is the first one I ever discovered for myself, and I am filled with rejoicing.

Taste

ITALIAN LANDSCAPE IN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY ENGLAND. By Elizabeth Wheeler Manwaring. New York: Oxford University Press. 1925.

Reviewed by E. Baldwin Smith
Princeton University

WHAT is that elusive and always changing phantom called taste to which the social Fundamentalists of the eighteenth century so pompously knelt down and before which the Modernists today so boldly stand up as they still reverence it in new and eccentric forms? In so-called matters of taste we have all felt that English painting and still more English Art criticism have always tended to confuse the graphic and the literary arts. We have always thought that English painting was inherently descriptive, literary or decorative, and hence subject to the canons of good literature. Now we learn from Miss Manwaring's book that it was the influence of the Italian landscape upon the literature during the eighteenth century which started the trouble. The title, "Italian Landscape in Eigteenth Century England," is misleading, but the text is not. As the sub-title states, the book is a study of the influence of Claude Lorrain and Salvator Rosa on English taste. It is a valuable chapter in the great History of Taste which has not yet been written.

Exactly why the Eighteenth Century gentleman and lady in England first felt that the cultivation of the picturesque was an essential element of fine breeding Miss Manwaring does not make clear. What she does make clear is how the rising passion for the picturesque swept English culture through a period of affections and then on to a real love of nature which culminated in the Romantic Movement. During the eighteenth century Englishmen visited the galleries of Italy, bought originals, copies, and prints of Italian masters, cultivated a sentimental devotion to pictures, soaked themselves in the poetic charm of Claude and the dashing wildness of Salvator, and so formulated and codified a language of correct beauty which could be used for all the arts.

This intense devotion to Claude and Salvator arose partly out of the prevalent confusion of poetry and painting. Claude, like Poussin, was supposed to reveal the ennobling beauties of nature as first refined by Theocritus and Virgil. It is cruelly unfair to caricature this eighteenth century conviction that "Poetry is the sister art of Painting" and illustrate its fondness for coupling artists and painters by quoting from the unknown versifier of Liverpool, who begins,

> Majestic, nervous, bold and strong,
> Let Angelo and Milton vie;
> Oppos'd to Waller's amorous song,
> His art let wanton Titian try;
> Let great Romano's free design,
> Contend with Dryden's pompous line;
> And chaste Coreggio's graceful air,
> With Pope's unblemished page compare;
> Loraine may equal Thomson's name,
> And Hogarth's equal Butler's fame.

Over the century hung the idea that all art should be instructive and elevating. This theory was born of aristocratic and academic complacency on the continent where in the seventeenth century had been formulated in the "De Arte Graphica" of Du Fresnoy the articles of the divine right of classic taste, designed, unconsciously, to keep alive the traditions of the established order. Lady Morgan, for example, felt that "the least of his (Salvator Rosa) landscapes were pregnant with moral interest." And during the greater part of the century there remained an apologetic note in the enthusiasm for the "landskip" which admitted that it was still inferior to the historical painting.

While artificially colored by preconceived notions as to the purpose of art, the new cult of the picturesque began to leave its mark on the language. *Virtuoso, Connoisseur, Man of Taste,* also *Amateur,* and *Dilettante* made their appearance in polite literature. Books were written on Taste, "the reigning Foible of the Time," so that the rules of this new breeding could be learned and the models of culture emulated. In 1732 appears the frank admission by Thomas Cooke that "Most People judge of it more by their Ears than by their Eyes." Yet this same discerning writer admits that "the Gentleman Critic, tho' ignorant of Painting as an Art, is the properest Judge, because of his liberal culture."

Instead of the quotation, "Italian Light on English Walls," which Miss Manwaring takes from Cowper's "The Task" as the title for the fourth chapter, she might better have paraphrased it "Italian Specs on English Eyes" and used it as the title of her book. The century was taught, as Shaftesbury would have it, "If you fix your Eye on that which most strikes and pleases you at the first *Sight,* you will most certainly never come to have *a good eye* at all;—cultivate the Idea; and labor, till you have worked yourself into a *right* Taste." Even Thomson, who, we were taught, was the first Englishman to enjoy nature, saw her through the spectacles of Claude and described her in the picturesque code of his day. He saw broad fields as "a bursting Prospect" of Claudian distance and described Salvatorial mountains "where nature in stupendous ruins lies." In fact he perpetuated in verse such bromides as "Claude is *soft,* Salvator *dashes,* and Poussin is *learned.*"

* * *

The whole century with the exception of Burns, Blake, and Crabbe was obsessed by artificial conceptions of nature. Even the gardens of England were remodeled after these picturesque conceits derived from the formulas of Claude and Salvator. "Kent's method of embellishing a field is admirable" because at Stowe he worked in a Temple of Ancient Vertue. Miss Manwaring more than proves that it was the fashion to see gardens and landscapes in terms of pictures; the quotations from elegant pens speak of "ornamented fields" "which Claude well pleas'd might view." Mrs. Elisabeth Montagu writes of her gardens at Sandleford as turning under her direction into "sweet pastorals" and "gentle elegiacs." Between 1750 and 1783, when Lancelot Brown was the reigning landscapist, the assimilation was carried so far that Brown "compared his art to literary composition. Now there, said he, pointing his finger, I make a comma, and there, pointing to another part, a parenthesis—now a full stop."

As one reads these extracts from the literature which, to preserve its own phraseology, paints so fine a picture of the formation of taste, one wishes that the study might be carried further. One wishes to compare the phraseology of beauty in the different centuries, to contrast the eighteenth century *elegant, noble, sublime, refined,* and *picturesque* with the significant, expressive, forceful, virile, and direct of the modern critical jargon. One could also study the social decline of the eighteenth century, to its credit, with American enthusiasm for Barbison beauty which corresponded in date with our Lord Fauntleroy period and the Late General Grant Style in architecture. As we finish the book we are perhaps contemptuous of the sentimental artificialities that made up the Code of Taste to which the Eighteenth Century paid such self-satisfied reverence. Hence we should at once mount a bus and ride down Riverside Drive at sunset. The sight of the North River, mysteriously lovely in its smoke and evening color, and of the concrete benches, mile after mile, crowded with people, and set permanently with backs to the river and jammed up against the feverish traffic of the street, may modify our contempt and make the question of taste more fascinating than ever. In fact we may agree with the Eighteenth Century satire which refers to "This Thing call'd Taste, this new-fam'd Alamode" as

> This Term for something that was never found,
> Which leaves our Sense and Reason lost in Sound.

Moods of Creation

(*Continued from page 77*)

that must reflect actual happenings seen and pondered only in flashes and glimpses.

Which leads us then to the deduction that the highest form of literary creation is (always excepting the deliberate fantasists) the closest recording of life with the most subtle instinct for the truth.

Our "unreal" novelists do not so record. They impose upon the contemplation of this miraculous and sometimes monstrous existence of ours an overweening passion to exploit their fancies. They are swayed in their discernment by many ulterior motives. They are Procrustes who would have a short story or a novel fit a predetermined scheme; they misplace emphasis and juggle values to whip up a false "significance." They are preachers in the marketplace, some sincere, some merely deluded, some palpably insincere. But the little worlds they create, the little pictures of worlds, are but trivial toys beside the world of reality.

* * *

The most difficult of all things is to let one's story develop as life develops, for it means living another life of mixed joys and sorrows as poignant and overpowering as those of the one life we are all given to lead. The great writer must necessarily have a wonderful command over his emotions. It is arduous for the soul to immerse itself in the life stories of types created, if the intention is really to give them the breath of life and show a recognizable course of fatality. The lesser author flinches and turns aside. He or she writes a story in which his or her hero or heroine finally triumphs over all obstacles because the author's psychic fibre is not strong enough to see the story through as it would actually evolve. The writer weakens, and the secondary mood of creation supervenes. The reckless self-tortured fancy concocts the incredible victory.

Such are the two kinds of creation. For life truly faced holds situations to make the sun seem black at noonday. Yet, on the other hand, no one who has not thought through such situations and thoroughly, tough-mindedly realized the extent of the spreading ripples of human conduct, can *per contra* give us to feel the majesty of the truly great moments of life, to exult so powerfully in the fundamental miracle of our existence. And such is the true creator's reward.

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The Making of an Epic

PAUL BUNYAN. By JAMES STEVENS. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1925. $2.5
PAUL BUNYAN. By ESTHER SHEPHARD. Seattle: The McNeill Press. 1924. $2.

Reviewed by CONSTANCE MAYFIELD BURKE

PAUL BUNYAN was of such a size that he knocked down four square miles of standing timber when he rolled around in his sleep at the age of three weeks. Some of the old loggers from Maine declare that he was so quick that he could blow out the light and get into his bunk before it was dark.

For a hero of extraordinary nimbleness and scale, who ranged the country from Nova Scotia to Oregon, who strode to the North Pole and drove logs around the Horn, obviously the confines of any single story or chain of stories will prove too narrow. Like the loggers who looked up and saw the toe of his boot or beheld his shadow darkening the ground for many acres around them, we shall expect to find him invading the imagination of many a beholder in a large fashion of his own. "That wasn't the way I heerd it," a lumberjack will say at the end of one of the tales told as a matter of ritual around the heater at night, and will proceed to give his own version. A tradition for variations exists; and the stories swing widely apart.

Let us admit, then, that there can be no one authentic cycle of the stories. Let us consider valid any tale which reveals an engaging aspect of the great ingenious hero. Let us—but no! Paul Bunyan enthusiasts will admit nothing. Differences are not accepted with equanimity in that small and chosen company. With eagerness and unflagging zeal we all insist that our versions alone reveal the true Paul Bunyan. The fact that in partisanship we remain well within a tradition seems to heighten our temper. So it was to be expected that the two recent books of Mrs. Shephard and Mr. Stevens, the first to be devoted to our hero, should provoke a controversy. Already its sparks are flying in print; in private circles the argument grows heated. Doubtless in the end every Paul Bunyan authority in the country will rise up and take sides for or against one book or another, or both—or against the unwary critic. The path of the critic is perhaps as simple as the crooked logging road which was finally pulled straight by Paul's Blue Ox. "You'd be walkin' along it, all unsuspectin', and of a sudden you'd see a coil of it layin' there behind a tree, that you never knowed was there, and layin' there lookin' like it was ready to spring at you." Here are a few cautious personal remarks.

* * *

The special crux comes when some bold innovator uses the tales, as the poet has always used legends, according to the play of his own fancy. A shout arises that these are not the authentic Paul Bunyan stories. The objection has been lifted in full force as to Mr. Stevens's book. It is true that in the main his tales are not those of the bunkhouse bards. With an authority of his own he has submerged many of the old key stories, like those which describe the Round River drive or the feats of the Blue Ox, and has used these only by way of brief allusion. Other tales he has transmuted! Surely his story of The Mountain That Stood On Its Head is a playful inversion of the stock tale of the Pyramid Forty. Some of his narratives are undoubtedly sheer, private invention. But they are invention kept within the happy bounds of a substantial tradition; old and new, they have the windy breadth, the loose and casual structure, the sly pitfalls which everywhere characterize the Paul Bunyan stories. Mr. Stevens knows when to be elaborately circumstantial, and when to omit the final point of a story, in the precise manner of the original tales. Though he has cast aside the vocabulary of the camp—some of it in any case would inevitably go by the board—he has kept much of its terseness and dry native phrasing. It is true that Mr. Stevens sometimes becomes literary. At the outset in describing the famous Winter of the Blue Snow he speaks of "sapphire flakes . . . glittering in an ashen gold light . . . a sober pale radiance which shimmered through silver mists." Such language would undoubtedly prove offensive to many loggers; certainly it does not belong with the staggering feats of Paul. But these lapses are infrequent; in the main the stories of Mr. Stevens are as American as the Kansas of King Bourbon which is pictured in one of them. A broad and essential poetry—that of the exultant scale and humor of the Paul Bunyan myth—Mr. Stevens has and keeps in abundance. His Paul remains Olympian; something of the epic touch appears not only in his first portrayal, but in all the narratives of the exploits. And Mr. Stevens has an extraordinary gift for evoking those generic images which somehow touch the springs of the imagination, like that of the loggers whom Paul finds sleeping in the midst of the stonewood trees of Utah after the toil of hours.

Cast aside your prepossessions when you begin Mr. Stevens's book, and you will be awarded by discovering that your notion of Paul has grown in stature and color and excitement. If you refrain from expecting a literal transcription, you will find much more. Himself a logger, Mr. Stevens seems to have entered with gusto into competition with the shadowy lumberjack story-tellers of the past, and has often outstripped them, producing a great substantial structure of his own. If this is not the way someone else has heard it, let him come forward with his own splendid array of tales. He will find it hard to match Mr. Stevens in rapid but unobtrusive story-telling, opulent magnification, and good-tempered satire.

* * *

Mrs. Shephard has compiled a cycle of Paul Bunyan stories as these are current among the lumberjacks even now; and her collection is a source-book and a record of a very high order. These tales are filled with a typical lumberjack waggery; and they offer to an amazing extent the illusion of the spoken word. In setting down the stories as she has listened to them Mrs. Shephard has kept the pleasing, soft contractions and solid rhythms which belong to the vernacular, and has established the kind of meditative tone which invariably runs through the tales as they are told, a kind of solemn confiding murmur, which provides the proper effect of conviction for the preposterous episodes which are set forth. The book has a broad unity, following the geographical sweep which has been characteristic of the logging industry; it begins with a legend of Paul's childhood in Maine, and follows him across the width of the country to Oregon. The earlier stories in her collection are far and away the best; in the portrayal of the infant Paul as he rocked in his cradle in the bay off Eastport, or wrote on a slate cleaved out of a Vermont hillside, there is a touch of essential largeness which tends to disappear in her later tales; the western narratives lapse into a formula; instead of the spare hints and casual metaphors which suggest magnitude in the best stories, arithmetic is used to the point of wearisome repetition. Numbers are always a feature of the Paul Bunyan stories, but in the finer stories they appear with a sudden, wry humor. Then certain dreary changes in the life of the lumbercamps appear in Mrs. Shephard's tales. The efficiency expert becomes a figure; the head-cook rides around on a motor-cycle, using a megaphone with patent amplifiers, and blue-steel cook-stoves. Worst of all Paul is steadily diminished; toward the end, on the La Conner flats, he is heard calling for help, caught in the crack of a cedar stump—Paul! As a sociological record the stories set down by Mrs. Shephard are important; they exemplify the larger changes in the life and spirit of the lumber camps within a generation. As an indication of the transitions possible in folk-lore they are scarcely less valuable. Here are myths in the making, with their declension. Perhaps within the scope of her purpose to swing across the continent Mrs. Shephard was unable to find stories of uniform high excellence; yet a collection of true lumberjack narratives in the best vein does not seem an impossibility.

As Mrs. Shephard suggests, many other tales, many variations, are still extant, and should be preserved, for the life out of which they originally grew is fast disappearing. Here is epical material—our own, developing through seventy-five or eighty years of growth in the tall timber. Probably neither a final compendium nor a last poetic handling of this incomparably rich lore has been reached, though the book of James Stevens has its own finality. But in a definite fashion these books provide touchstones for the future—that of Mrs. Shephard by its faithful integrity, that of Mr. Stevens by a more daring truth of the imagination. The great Paul has been fortunate in his first considerable presentation to the public.

Mystical Thought

MEMORIES OF A HAPPY LIFE. By MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN. New York: George H. Doran. 2 vols. 1924. $5.

Reviewed by FREDERICK S. DICKSON

THERE can be no more entertaining book than one which records the life of a man written by himself, provided he knows how to write, is frank, good humored, and not too greatly obsessed with the ego. All these virtues were possessed in generous measure by Maurice Francis Egan and are displayed in his "Recollections of a Happy Life," and so make for us a fascinating book. One objection to this form of writing is that the author, usually dead at the time of publication, must depend upon another for the correction of the proofs, and so error creeps in. I can scarcely say too much in praise of the book, and not enough in condemnation of its editing. Here is the story of a man's life from infancy to old age, if seventy-two be aged, and yet the book is without an index, and there are no chapter headings at all. Though the chapters are divided into sections, if you wish to know what they are about you can read and find out. And after reading if you would find again any longed for passage you must read the book once more to discover it.

The description of Philadelphia in the fifties and sixties is picturesque and vivid, but when young Egan stole away to the "mash" with the boys of his age why did he not give them their names? Not their baptismal ones but the ones given by the boys. At his age I knew the names of every boy within hailing distance and could call the roll today. He tells the story of the assassination of Lincoln brilliantly, sympathetically, and the scene comes back to me as if it were but yesterday. I saw Brady Lindley come hastily out of the telegraph office. To one near by he spoke, and the word was passed from mouth to mouth. "President Lincoln shot—Dead!" Then he disapeared up the stairway into the printing office of Johnny Cornelius. A crowd gathered, stunned, waiting. The message was put in type, a heavy black border about it. Crotzer, the editor of the "Copper-head" *Argus*, came out of his door and looked at the crowd ,and then he slipped back, closing the door. Against a tree leaned Guinea Van Geezer, his hands, thrust deep in his trouser pockets as if he had something he would conceal. Then Dan spoke. "I guess it's about time to close out old Crotzer," he said, and moved a step nearer the office of the *Argus*. "Right," said Guinea, removing his hands. The crowd began to move up the street when Charley Hess pushed through the mass and laying his hands gently on the leaders said, "Don't boys! Mr. Lincoln wouldn't like it!" "Guess that's right," said Dan, and turning, walked limping across the street toward home. His mother noted his dark look as he came in. "What's up?" she asked. "President Lincoln shot. Killed." "Mercy days," said the woman as she sank in her rocker. Dan picked up from a chair his mother's black petticoat and tore a shred from it, she unresisting. This he tied on the door knob and coming back moodily, sat down. The church bells began to toll and the one on the court-house chimed in.

Mr. Egan studied law in the early seventies when Philadelphia had the most brilliant bar in its history, and yet he does not mention one of them by name. It was before the days of the typewriter, and even in 1876 the telephone was looked upon as a toy. Few lawyers kept a clerk, and many had not even an office boy. A law student did everything but sweep. Mr. Egan was not fitted for the law but was a born journalist with qualities that fitted him for diplomacy, and in both of these lines he was eminently successful, and he naturally gravitated to New York. He was before all else an ardent Catholic, ever ready to do battle in defence of his religion, and he went everywhere with a chip on his shoulder, defying everyone to knock it off. He was militant to a degree and his companions evidently took great pleasure in stirring him up. Usually men avoid the discussion of this subject but Mr. Egan was one who welcomed it with eagerness. His book shows this on nearly every page. He came to Denmark just before the great war started, but when it was clearly in the making, and these pages are the most worthwhile of the book. Obviously the most absorbing portions of this story are its beginning and its ending—the days of youth and the years of the great war.

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Mischief

A CUCKOO IN THE NEST, ROOKERY NOOK, THE DIPPERS, MISCHIEF. By Ben Travers. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1925. $2 each.

Reviewed by William Rose Benet

HERE is an excellent *farceur*. This author enters the field lately vacated or surely about to be vacated by Messrs. Jerome K. Jerome and Barry Pain. And, in our own opinion, he is funnier than either. "A Cuckoo in the Nest" is probably the funniest, though "Rookery Nook" runs it close; and "The Dippers" gives you your money's worth, anyhow.

Mr. Travers always spices his narrative with amazingly innocent situations susceptible of the most appalling misconstructions. And he twangs his light guitar throughout within a pose of endearing idiocy. His characters manage somehow to survive a perfect frenzy of small misadventures, and are still in the ring at the close, though the end of "Rookery Nook" finds that particular set quite "beat."

Mrs. Posset had been asleep before Gertrude had left her. Hannah, who had long since returned to Frascati, was asleep. Even Cook was nearly asleep. The milkman was asleep. Nutts was asleep. The road-mender was still asleep. Mrs. Leverett was asleep.

From the floor in front of Rhoda echoed a long-drawn and blissful sigh of abnegation and composure. Conrad was asleep.

And no wonder, after all that had happened!

Mr. Travers is highly inventive. He is never at a loss. And he maintains the only proper attitude toward life, that of entirely nonchalant enjoyment. No preposterous situation can stump him for a solution or stale his gusto. He not only takes impish pleasure in writing, but maintains it to the last word of the book. Bits here and there in all his books are simply priceless and the ripple of narrative never idles in a backwater.

Truly humorous fiction is the most difficult of all forms to write. There may be shouts of "No! No!" but that we maintain. The people of Travers's stories are real people, moreover, not caricature. His ladies are delightful, yes, even the "Gertrude" of Rookery Nook. And how charming his younger ladies! His rustic characters are superb.

In "Mischief" he handles with just the right touch a situation that might easily have become cheap and nasty in the hands of a minor writer. Travers's people are human—all too human—and some of them come perilously close to running right off the rails; but always the salutary sense of humor of their creator solves all their dilemmas with delightful rationality. There is a certain intriguing and scandal-mongering type of woman the author hates with fine frenzy—one of those who spends so much time worrying about other people's peccadilloes that she stirs up incredible trouble for everybody. This female, variously personified, appears in many of his stories. But she is treated with witty relish.

So we come to our climax. We think P. G. Wodehouse is funny, but we don't think he is as funny as Travers. And we hope sincerely that nothing happens to Travers until he has given us about a dozen more of his delightful concoctions. "The Dippers," we understand, was quite successful as a stage comedy in London, with Cyril Maude. Well, any time Mr. Travers wants to stage a comedy in New York here's the price of two on the aisle the opening night!

"It seems rather strange," says the London *Daily News*, "that at this time of day there should still remain unpublished a large number of Thackeray's letters. That these should in addition deal with the most important part of Thackeray's life would make it even stranger, were it not for his express prohibition of anything like a biography. Mr. O. C. Goodyear, who has recently been doing some special Thackeray research work, has collated a large number of unpublished letters relating to Thackeray's love affair with Mrs. Brookfield. This, it will be remembered, occurred at a very critical time in the novelist's life, when, through the tragic illness of his wife, he was left a lonely man. Mr. Goodyear's book will be entitled, simply, 'Some Letters of W. M. Thackeray,' and will be published shortly in England."

The Bowling Green

Swimming the Channel

WE spoke incidentally of Barrington's "Glorious Apollo," the kind of book I could not possibly read more than half of, though that half with great enjoyment. For it is skilfully done, and has every ingredient of a Best Seller. The latest formula for a Best Seller is to take the life of some well-known person and tell the general reader the things that the student has always known. "Ariel," for example, divulged nothing that has not been familiar to every Shelley initiate for a generation. But the average run of readers, it appears, knew nothing about Shelley, they know nothing about Byron, and are delightfully startled at the old tales. Every now and then, when some familiar and demonstrable fact causes a hurricane of excitement in the press, I amuse myself by considering what a tumult it would cause in the headlines if the things that philosophers and historians habitually and calmly discuss should get into print.

The allusion to Byron here, however, is only to give me an opportunity to print a Byron letter which is not much known and is gorgeously characteristic of the so-called Apollo. Mr. Temple Scott, who has just completed what is said to be the carefullest Byron bibliography ever compiled, excavated the document and kindly gave me a copy:

Pisa—
August 28, 1822.

Don W—

In a few days I remove to Genoa. I am sick of this place and its damp, heavy air, which is doubtless owing both to the quaggy soil, and to a hill, covering Pisa towards the north in a circular form, and reverberating down into the bottoms, where the city stands, all the vapors wafted against it by the southerly winds.

Your complaints are just—but what remedy is there? I quite agree with you that nothing is worth an effort. As for philosophy & freedom, and all that—they look devilish well in a stanza, but men have always been fools & slaves, and fools & slaves they always will be.

But I fancy every period of life has its pleasures, and as we advance in life the exercise of power and the possession of wealth must be great consolations to the majority. Gold is worshipped in all climates without a single temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite. I *love* lucre—a noble occupation—do as I do. Lucky is he who has neither creditors, nor offspring, & who owes neither money nor affection—after all the most difficult to pay of the two. It cannot be commanded, for there is no usury for love.

My horses are waiting. Believe me always
Yrs affectionately
Byron

To Sir Godfrey Webster
Upper Brook Street, London, Angleterre

* * *

One thought about Maurois's "Ariel" has always puzzled me, and now that I clean my desk before a vacation I should like to get it off my mind. I read the book in French, but I am told that it was translated and published in English with vast success. I do not know who the translator was, but what I hanker to know is, how was the job done? In the original, M. Maurois took great pains to translate into French many extracts from Shelley's letters and other original documents. When the book was put into English did the translator simply retranslate those passages into his or her own English? Or did he take the trouble to hunt up what Shelley had actually written and give it correctly? Naturally the book would lose a great part of its value unless Shelley's own words were used. We are not interested in a retranslator's version of what had already once been ferried across the channel by M. Maurois.

* * *

Those who enjoyed Maurois may be interested to see him in the rôle of a translator himself. Mr. Maurice Baring—whom I am the happier to allude to as respectfully as one of his books was, to my notion, very clumsily undervalued in this journal not long ago—has published in London a charming little book of what he calls "Translations." They are brief prose fragments, mostly written in a note book in France during the War. They were first issued anonymously some years ago in a little book in which a mythical editor disingenuously stated that he had not been able to "discover the originals." This was reasonable, as there were no originals. But now some of Mr. Baring's friends have supplied "originals" in various languages. It is delightful to see how these austere and melancholy paragraphs lend themselves to the spirit of the transferred language. The French versions (there are also Latin, Greek, Russian, Swedish, Italian, and Spanish) are by André Maurois, and I think it particularly interesting to see these two artists, Baring and Maurois, at work side by side on the same filigree:

Baring writes:

The rain had fallen all day long without ceasing; but in the evening a rainbow stretched right across the eastern sky. In the west, over the dark trees, on the brow of the hill, the sunset turned all the moisture to golden fire. Under the trees, on the burnished field, a white horse ploughed slowly; but it was too dark to see the ploughman. In the east, against billows of cloud, faintly tinged by the sunset, the cathedral arose above the roofs of the little town, like a bird protecting her nest. The rain pattered on the leaves of the trees along the road; the guns were booming far away; a soldier went by whistling, and near the churchyard a woman dressed in black was holding a wreath. It was neither sunset nor sunrise, neither autumn nor spring; but the dawn (so dark and yet so luminous) of a new season, the presage perhaps of triumph mingled with tears.

St. Omer, September 25, 1915.

And Maurois supplies the following "original":

Tout le jour la pluie était tombée, sans arrêt, mais vers le soir, à l'orient, un arc-en-ciel encadra l'horizon. A l'ouest, au-delà des arbres noirs, sur le sommet de la colline, le soleil couchant transforma l'air humide en flamme d'or. Sous les arbres, sur le champ bruni, un cheval blanc, lentement, traînait la charrue; mais il faisait trop sombre pour voir le laboureur. A l'est, sur les flocons des nuages, se dessinait la cathédrale au-dessus des toits de le petite ville, comme un oiseau couvant ses petits. Le long de la route la pluie crépitait sur les feuilles des arbres; très loin les canons grondaient; un soldat passait en sifflant, et près du cimetière une femme vêtue de noir tenait une couronne.

Ce n'était ni le coucher ni le lever du soleil, mais l'aube (si sombre et pourant si lumineuse) d'une nouvelle saison, le présage peut-être d'un triomphe mêlé de larmes.

It would be interesting to argue which of the two languages is the more transparent envelope for that particular mood. Fortunately for the genius of both tongues, it will always be hard to swim the Channel.

* * *

This morning there was one of those fine warm fogs (silvering the roadside cobwebs) that foretell the turn of the year. Waiting on the station platform the air was full of soft spangle, moving darts of moisture that danced and hovered. In the same way I am enormously interested to feel in the literary weather every symptom of approaching change. Something has happened; I don't quite know what; but it feels as though we had definitely taken a turn toward a new period. I do not say a better or a worse, simply a different. Some of the clever young men are neither so young nor so clever; some are wearying a little, some have grown shrill. But it seems generally agreed now, what would hardly have been admitted in 1920, that there was some Literature written before 1919. I find in myself a notion to re-read "Kim." I want once more to travel with the old lama who dreamed of freeing himself from the Wheel of Things. It is there that you find the true philosophic epitaph for any era or for any loud and sudden reformer—even Mr. Bryan—

I have never pestered the gods with prayers: I do not think they will pester me. Look you, I have noticed in my long life that those who eternally break in upon those above with complaints and repents and bellowings and weepings are presently sent for in haste, as our colonel used to send for slack-jawed down-country men who talked too much.

Yes, I think there is a change in the air. In my own private chronology perhaps I shall date it from the day, very recently, when the famous door was taken down in Greenwich Village bookshop—the door on which so many of the people of 1920-25 wrote their hopeful names. That bookshop, the center of much innocent revelry, has vanished; the door becomes a Museum Piece. Just now we are in a moment of pause, and not even the most ingenious modistes among the publishers can assert what colors the favorite books of next spring will be wearing. But the tide runs hard against the Sophisticates and Devastationists. The one-piece novel is hung out to dry. From Grey Nose to the Shakespeare Cliff is a long swim; but there are new athletes in the Channel.

Christopher Morley.

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SUSPENSE

A NAPOLEONIC NOVEL By Joseph Conrad

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Cosmo Latham, a young Englishman of wealth on a tour of Europe, in his remarks about Genoa yields to impulse and follows a seafaring man to a tower overlooking the harbor of Genoa where an Elban ship rides at anchor. Before he leaves his uncouth and mysterious companion he has become aware that the man is engaged in secret intercourse with Elba, where Napoleon is in exile. It is to visit a family which as political refugees from France had found shelter in his father's home in England, and which is now resident in Italy, that he has come to Genoa. His visits to the Countess of Montevesso give him an insight into the political background of her circle, and make him acquainted with the facts of her unhappy marriage as well as with her ill-favored husband and his half-savage niece. Upon this niece the young Englishman makes so deep an impression that she declares to her uncle her desire to have him for herself. Count Helion, while trying to soothe her, remarks to an English physician that he doesn't want "that popingay" around. Cosmo that night vanishes from the inn at which he has been staying. When he reenters the story he is at the tower in which his original adventure with the mysterious stranger has occurred. A shot has been fired; the sailor appears suddenly, and on Cosmo's telling him that he has observed two men presumably his friends he demands whether they have seen him.

COSMO assured him that they had not. The other still agitated by the unexpectedness of that meeting, asked, incredulous and even a little suspicious: "What am I to think, then? How could you know that they were my friends?"

Cosmo disregarded the question. "You will be caught if you linger here," he whispered.

The other, as though he had not heard the warning, insisted: "How could they have mentioned my name to you?"

"They mentioned no names. . . . Run."

"I don't think they are there now," said the fugitive.

"Yes. There was noise enough to scare anybody away," commented Cosmo. "What have you done?"

The other made no answer, and in the pause both men listened intently. The night remained dark. Cosmo thought: "Some smuggling affair," and the other muttered to himself, "I have misled them." He sat up by the side of Cosmo and put Cosmo's hat, which he had been apparently holding all the time, on the ground beside them.

"You are a cool hand," said Cosmo. "The soldiers . . . "

"Who cares for the soldiers? They can't run."

"They have muskets, though."

"Oh, yes. I heard the shots and wondered at whom they were fired."

"At me. That's why I have got in here. There is one of them who can see in the dark," explained Cosmo, who had been very much impressed. His friend of the tower emitted a little chuckle.

"And so you have hidden yourself in here. Soldiers, water, and fire soon make room for themselves. But they did not know who they were after. They got the alarm from that beast."

He paused suddenly, and Cosmo asked: "Who was after you?"

"One traitor and God knows how many *sbirri*. If they had been only ten minutes later they would have never set eyes on me."

"I wonder they didn't manage to cut you off, if they were so many," said Cosmo.

"They didn't know. Look! Even now I have deceived them by doubling back. You see I was in a house." He seemed to hesitate.

"Oh, yes," said Cosmo. "Saying good-bye."

The man by his side made a slight movement and preserved a profound silence for a time.

"As I have no demon," he began slowly, "to keep me informed about other people's affairs, I must ask you what you were doing here?"

"Why, taking the air like that other evening. But why don't you try to get away while there is time?"

"Yes, but where?"

"You were going to leave Genoa," said Cosmo. "Either on a very long or a very deadly journey."

Again the man by his side made a movement of surprise and remained silent for a while. This was very extraordinary, as though some devil having his own means to obtain knowledge had taken on himself for a disguise the body of an Englishman of the kind that travels and stays in inns. The acquaintance of Cosmo's almost first hour in Genoa was very much puzzled and a little suspicious, not as before something dangerous but as before something inexplicable, obscure to his mind like the instruments that fate makes use of sometimes in the affairs of men.

"So you did see two men a little while ago waiting for me?"

"I did not see them. They seemed to think you were late," was the surprising answer.

"And how do you know they were waiting for me?"

"I didn't," said Cosmo naturally. And the other muttered a remark that he was glad to hear of something that Cosmo did not know. But Cosmo continued: "Of course I didn't, not till you jumped in here."

The other made a gesture requesting silence and lent his ear to the unbroken stillness of the surroundings.

"Signore," he said suddenly in a very quiet and distinct whisper, "it may be true that I was about to leave this town, but I never thought of leaving it by swimming. No doubt the noise was enough to frighten anybody away, but it has been quiet enough now for a long time and I think that I will crawl on as far as the tower to see whether perchance they didn't think it worth while to bring their boat back to the foot of the tower. I have put my enemies off the track and I fancy they are looking for me in very distant places from here. The treachery, signore, was not in the telliing them where I was. Anybody with eyes could have seen me walking about Genoa. No, it was in the telling them who I was."

He paused again to listen and suddenly changed his position, drawing in his legs.

"Well," said Cosmo, "I myself wonder who you are." He noticed the other's eyes rolling, and the whisper came out of his lips much faster and, as it were, more confidential.

"Attilio, at your service," the mocking whisper fell into Cosmo's ear. "I see the signore is not so much of a wizard as I thought." Then with great rapidity: "Should the signore find something, one never knows, Cantelucci would be the man to give it to."

AND suddenly with a half turn he ran off on all fours, looking for an instant monstrous and vanishing so suddenly that Cosmo remained confounded. He was trying to think what all this might mean, when his ears were invaded by the sound of many footsteps and before he could make a move to get up he found himself surrounded by quite a number of men. As a matter of fact there were only four; but they stood close over him as he sat on the ground, their dark figures blotting all view, with an overpowering effect. Very prudently Cosmo did not attempt to rise; he only picked up his hat, and as he did so it seemed to him that there was something strange about the feel of it. When he put it on his head some object neither very hard nor very heavy fell on the top of his head. He repressed the impulse to have a look at once. "What on earth can it be?" he thought. It felt liike a parcel of papers. It was certainly flat. An awestruck voice said, "That's a foreigner." Another muttered, "What's this deviltry?" As Cosmo made an attempt to rise with what dignity he might, the nearest of the band stooped with alacrity and caught hold of his arm above the elbow as if to help him up, with a muttered, "*Permesso, signore.*" And as soon as he regained his feet his other arm was seized from behind by someone else without ceremony. A slight attempt to shake himself free convinced Cosmo that they meant to stick on.

"Would it be an accomplice?" wondered a voice.

"No. Look at his hat. That's an Englishman."

"So much the worse. They are very troublesome. Authority is nothing to them."

All this time one or another would take a turn to peer closely into Cosmo's face, in a way which struck him as offensive. Cosmo had not the slightest doubt that he was in the hands of the municipal *sbirri*. That strange Attilio had detected their approach from afar. "He might have given me a warning," he thought. His annoyance with the fugitive did not last long; but he began to be angry with his captors, of which every one, he noticed, carried a cudgel.

"What authority have you to interfere with me?" he asked haughtily. The wretch who was holding his right arm murmured judicially: "An Inglese, without a doubt." A stout man in a wide-brimmed hat, who was standing in front of him, grunted: "The authority of four against one," then addressed his companions to the general effect that he didn't know what the world was coming to if foreigners were allowed to mix themselves up with conspirators. It looked as if they had been at a loss what to do with their captive. One of them insinuated: "I don't know. Those foreigners have plenty of money and are impatient of restraint. A poor man may get a chance."

Cosmo thought that probably each of them was provided with a stiletto. Nothing prevented them from stabbing him in several places, weighting his body with some stones from the seashore, and throwing it into the water. What an unlucky reputation to have! He remembered that he had no money with him. The few coins he used to carry in his pocket were lying on his mantelpiece in the bedroom at the inn. This would have made no difference if those men had been bandits, since they would not be aware of the emptiness of his pockets. "I could have probably bribed them to let me go," he thought, after he had heard the same man add with a little laugh, "I mean obliging poor men. Those English *signori* are rich and harmless."

COSMO regretted more than ever not being able to make them an offer. It would have been probably successful, as they seemed to be in doubt what to do next. He mentioned he was living at the Casa Graziani. "If one of you will go with me there you shall be recompensed for your trouble." No answer was made to that proposal except that one of the men coughed slightly. Their chief in a hat with an enormous brim seemed lost in deep thought, and his immobility in front of Cosmo appeared to the latter amusingly mysterious and sinister. A sort of nervous impatience came over Cosmo, an absurd longing to tear himself away and make a dash for liberty, and then an absurd discouragement as though he were a criminal with no hiding place to make for. The man in the big hat jerked up his head suddenly and disclosed the irritable state of his feeling at the failure of getting hold of that *furfante*. "As to that Englishman," he continued in his rasping voice not corresponding to his physical bulk, "let him be taken to the guard-room. He will have to show his papers."

Cosmo was provoked to say: "Do you expect a gentleman to carry his papers with him when he goes out for a walk?"

He was disconcerted by an outburst of laughter on three sides of him. The leader in the hat did not laugh; he only said bitterly: "We expect papers from a man we find hiding."

"Well, I have no papers on me," said Cosmo, and immediately in a sort of mental illumination thought, "Except in my hat." Of course that object reposing on the top of his head was a bundle of papers, dangerous documents. Attilio was a conspirator. Obviously! The mysterious allusion to something he was to find and hand over to Cantelucci became clear to Cosmo. He felt indignant with his mysterious acquaintance. "Of course he couldn't foresee I was going to get into this predicament," he thought, as if trying to find an excuse for him already.

"*Avanti,*" commanded the man in front of him.

The grip on his arm of the two others tightened, resistance was no use though he felt sorely tempted again to engage in a struggle. If only he could free himself for a moment, dash off into darkness, and throw that absurd packet away somewhere before they caught him again. It was a sort of solu-

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tion; but he discovered in himself an unsuspected and unreasoning loyalty. "No! Somebody would find it and take it to the police," he thought. "If we come near the quay I may manage to fling it on the water."

He said with lofty negligence: "You needn't hold my arms."

This suggestion was met by a profound silence. Neither of the men holding him relaxed his grasp. Another was treading close on his heels, while the policehound in the big hat marched a couple of paces in front of him, importantly.

Before long they approached the guardhouse close enough for Cosmo to see the sentry at the foot of the steps, who challenged them militarily. The *sbirro* in the hat advanced alone and made himself known in the light streaming through the door. It was too late to attempt anything. As he was impelled by his two captors inside the guardroom, which was lighted by a smoky lamp and also full of tobacco smoke, Cosmo thought, "I am in for it. What a horrible nuisance! I wonder whether they will search me?"

AT Cosmo's entrance with his escort several soldiers reclining on the floor raised their heads. It was a small place which may have been used as a store for sails or cordage. The furniture consisted of one long bench, a rack of muskets, a table, and one chair. A sergeant sitting on that chair rose and talked with the head *sbirro* for a time in a familiar and interested manner about the incidents of the chase, before he even looked at Cosmo. Cosmo could not hear the words. The sergeant was a fine man with long black moustaches and a great scar on his cheek. He nodded from time to time in an understanding manner to the man in the hat, whom the light of the guardroom disclosed as the possessor of very small eyes, a short thick beard, and a pear-shaped yellow physiognomy which had a pained expression. At the suggestion of the *sbirri* (they had let him go) Cosmo sat down on a bench running along the wall. Part of it was occupied by a soldier stretched at full length with his head on his knapsack and with his shako hung above him on the wall. He was profoundly asleep. "Perhaps that's the fellow who took those shots at me," thought Cosmo. Another of the *sbirri* approached Cosmo and with a propitiatory smile handed him his cloak. Cosmo had forgotten all about it.

"I carried it behind the signore all the way," he murmured with an air of secrecy; and Cosmo was moved to say: "You ought to have brought it to me at Cantelucci's inn," in a significant tone. The man made a deprecatory gesture and said in a low voice: "The signore may want it to-night."

He was young. His eyes met Cosmo's without flinching.

"I see," whispered Cosmo. "What is going to be done with me?" The man looked away indifferently and said: "I am new at this work; but there is a post of royal gendarmerie on the other side of the harbour."

He threw himself on the bench by Cosmo's side, stretched his legs out, folded his arms across his breast, and yawned unconcernedly.

"Can I trust him?" Cosmo asked himself. Nobody seemed to pay any attention to him. The *sbirro* in the hat bustled out of the guardroom in great haste; the other two remained on guard; the sergeant sitting astride the chair folded his arms on the back of it and stared at the night through the open door. The *sbirro* by Cosmo's side muttered, looking up at the ceiling: "I think Barbone is gone to find a boatman." From this Cosmo understood that he was going to be taken across the harbour and given up to the gendarmes. He thought, "If they insist upon searching me I would have to submit and in any case a hat is not a hiding-place. I may just as well hand the packet over without a struggle." A bright idea struck him. "If those fellows take me over there in a boat to save themselves the trouble of walking round the harbour I will simply contrive to drop my hat overboard—even if they do hold my arms during the passage." He was now convinced that Attilio belonged to some secret society. He certainly was no common fellow. He wondered what had happened to him. Was he slinking and dodging about the low parts of the town on his way to some refuge; or had he really found the excitable man and the grumpy man still waiting under the tower with a boat? Most unlikely after such an alarming commotion of yells and shots. He feared that Attilio, unable to get away, could hardly avoid being caught to-morrow, or at the furthest next day. He himself obviously did not expect anything better; or else he would not have been so anxious to get rid of those papers. Cosmo concluded that conspirators were perfectly absurd with their passion for documents, which were invariably found at a critical time and sent them all to the gallows.

He noticed the eyes of the sergeant, a Croat, with pendent black moustaches, fixed on his hat, and at once felt uneasy as if he had belonged to a secret society himself. His hat was the latest thing in men's round hats which he had bought in Paris. But, almost directly, the sergeant's eyes wandered off to the doorway and resumed their stare. Cosmo was relieved. He decided, however, to attempt no communication with the young police fellow whose lounging attitude, abandoned and drowsy, and almost touching elbows with him, seemed to Cosmo too suggestive to be trustworthy. And indeed, he reflected, what could he do for him?

His excitement about this adventure was combined in a strange way with a state of inward peace which he had not known for hours. He wondered at his loyalty to the astute Attilio. He would have been justified in regarding the transaction as a scurvy trick; whereas he found that he could not help contemplating it as a matter of trust. He went on exercising his wits upon the problem of those documents (he was sure those were papers of some kind) which he had been asked to give to Cantelucci (how surprised he would be), since apparently the innkeeper was a conspirator too. Yet, he thought, it would be better to destroy them than to let them fall into the hands of the Piedmontese justice, or the Austrian military command. "I must contrive," he thought, "to get rid of them in the boat. I can always shake my hat overboard accidentally." But the packet would float and some boatman would be sure to find it during the day. On the other hand, by the time daylight came the handwriting would probably have become illegible. Or perhaps not? Fire, not water, was what he needed. If there had been a fire in that inexpressibly dirty guardroom he would have made use of it at once under the very noses of those wild-looking Croats. But would that have been the proper thing to do in such a hurry?

HE had not come to any conclusion before Barbone returned, accompanied by a silver-haired, meek old fellow, with a nut-brown face, barefooted and bare-armed, and carrying a pair of sculls over his shoulder, whom Barbone pushed in front of the sergeant. The latter took his short pipe out of his mouth, spat on one side, looked at the old man with a fixed savage stare, and finally nodded. At Cosmo he did not look at all, but to Barbone he handed a key with the words, "Bring it back." The *sbirri* closed round Cosmo and Barbone utter a growl with a gesture towards the door. Why Barbone should require a key to take him out of doors Cosmo could not understand. Unless it were the key to liberty. But it was not likely that the fierce Croat and the gloomy Barbone should have indulged in symbolic actions. The mariner with the sculls on his shoulder followed the group patiently to where, on the very edge of the quay, the Austrian soldier with his musket shouldered paced to and fro across the streak of reddish light from the garrison door. He swung round and stood, very martial, in front of the group, but at the sight of the key exhibited to him by Barbone moved out of the way. The air was calm and chilly. Below the level of the quay there was the clinking of metal and the rattling of small chains, and Cosmo then discovered that the key belonged to a padlock securing the chain to which quite a lot of small rowing boats were moored. The young policeman said from behind into Cosmo's ear, "The signore is always forgetting his cloak," and threw it lightly on Cosmo's shoulders. He explained also that every night all the small boats in the port were collected and secured like this on both sides of the port and the Austrians furnished the sentry to look after them on this side. The object was that there should be no boats moving after ten o'clock, except the galley of the *dogana* and of course the boat of the English man-of-war.

"Come and see me at noon at Cantelucci's inn," whispered Cosmo, to which the other breathed out a "Certainly, Excellency," feelingly before going up the steps.

Cosmo found himself presently sitting in a boat between two *sbirri*. The ancient fellow shoved off and shipped his oars. From the quay, high above, Barbone's voice shouted at him, "the gendarmes will take charge of your boat for the rest of the night." The old boatman's only answer was a deep sigh, and in a very few strokes the quay with the sentry receded into the darkness. One of the *sbirri* remarked in a tone of satisfaction, "Our service will be over after we have given up the signore there." The other said, "I hope the signore will consider we have been kept late on his account." Cosmo, who was contemplating with immense distaste the prospect of being delivered up to the gendarmes, emitted a mirthless laugh, and after a while said in a cold tone: "Why waste your time in pulling to the other side of the harbour? Put me on board the nearest vessel. I'll soon find my way to the quay from one *tartane* to another, and your service would be over at once."

The fellow on his left assumed an astonishing seriousness: "Most of those *tartanes* have a dog on board. We could not expose an illustrious stranger to get bitten by one of these ugly brutes."

But the other had no mind for grave mockery. In a harsh and overbearing tone he ordered the boatman to pull well into the middle of the harbor away from the moored craft.

It was like crossing a lake overshadowed by the hills with the breakwaters prolonging the shore to seaward. The old man raised and dipped his oars slowly, without a sound, and the long trails of starlight trembled on the ripples on each side of the boat. When they had progressed far enough to open the harbour entrance Cosmo detected between the end of the jetties far away—he was glancing casually about—a dark speck about the size of a man's head, which ought not to have been there. The air was perfectly still and the stars thick on the horizon. It struck him at once that it could be nothing than either the English man-of-war's boat or the boat of the *dogana*, since no others were allowed to move at night. His thoughts were, however, so busy with speculating as to what he had better do that he paid no more attention to that remarkable speck. He looked absently at the silver-haired boatman pulling an easy stroke and asked himself: Was it or was it not time to lose his hat overboard? How could he contrive to make it look plausible in this absurd calm? Then he reproached himself for reasoning as if those two low fellows (whose proximity had grown extremely irksome to him) had wits of preternatural sharpness. If he were to snatch it and fling it away they would probably conclude that he was trying to make himself troublesome, or simply mad, or anything in the world rather than guess that he had in his hat something which he wanted to destroy. He undid quietly the clasp of his cloak and rested his hands on his knees. His guardians did not think it necessary now to hold his arms. In fact they did not seem to pay much attention to him. Cosmo asked himself for a moment whether he would stand up suddenly and jump into the water. Of course he knew that fully clothed and in his boots they would very soon get hold of him, but the object would have been attained. However, the prospect of being towed behind a boat to the custom-house quay by the collar of his coat and being led into the presence of the gendarmes looking like a drowned rat was so disagreeable that he rejected that plan.

BY that time the boat had reached little more than half way across the harbor. The great body of the shipping was merged with the shore. The nearest vessels were a polacca brig and xebec lying at anchor. Both were shadowy, and the last, with her low spars, a mere low smudge on the dim sheen of the water. From time to time the aged boatman emitted a moan. The boat seemed hardly to move. Everthing afloat was silent and dark. The crews of the coasters were ashore or asleep; and if there were any dogs on board any of them they too seemed plunged in the same slumber that lay over all things of the earth, and by contrast with which the stars of heaven looked intensely wakeful. In the midst of his perplexities Cosmo enjoyed the feeling of peace that had come to him directly his trouble had begun.

"We will be all night getting across," growled suddenly the man on his left. ". . . I don't know what Barbone was thinking of to get this antiquity out of his bed."

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"I told him there was hardly any breath in my old body," declared the boatman's tranquil voice.

Apparently in order to speak he had to cease rowing, for he rested on his oars while he went on in the grave-like silence. "But he raged like the devil, and rather than let him wake up all the neighbours I came out. I may just as well die in the boat as in bed.

Both *sbirri* exclaimed indignantly against Barbone, but neither offered to take the sculls. With a painful groan the old man began to pull again. Cosmo asked: "What's that dark thing between the heads of the jetties?" One of his captors, turning his head to look, said, "That must be the galley. I wish she would come this way. We would ask her for a tow." The other man remarked sarcastically, "No fear, they are all snoozing in her except one perhaps to keep a lookout. It's an easy life. . . . *Voga, vecchio, voga.*"

COSMO thought suddenly that if by any chance the man-of-war boat happened to be pulling that way he would hail her without hesitation, and, surely, the officer in charge would not leave him in the hands of those villains without at least listening to his tale. Unluckily their way across the harbour did not take them near the man-of-war. The light at her mizzen peak seemed to Cosmo very far away: so that if it had not burned against a dark background of the land it would have seemed more distant than any star, and not half as brightly vigilant. He took his eyes from it and let them rest idly on the water ahead. The *sbirro* on his right hand emitted an immense yawn. This provided the other to mutter curses on the tediousness of all this affair. Cosmo had been too perplexed to feel bored. Just then as if in antagonism to those offensive manifestations he felt very alert. Moreover, the moment when something would have to be done was approaching, a tension of all his senses accumulating in a sort of all-over impatience. While in that state, staring into the night, he caught sight of the man-of-war's boat.

But was it?—well, it was something dark on the water, and as there was no other boat about . . . It was small—well, far off and probably end on. . . He had heard no sound of rowing . . . lying on her oars . . . He could see nothing now . . . well, here goes, on the chance.

Without stirring a limb he took a long breath and let out the shout of "Boat ahoy" with all the force of his lungs. The volume of tone astonished himself. It seemed to fill the whole of the harbour so effectually that he felt he needn't shout again and he remained as still as a statue. The effect on his neighbours was that both gave a violent start, which set the boat rolling slightly, and in their bewilderment they bent forward to peer into his face with immense eyes. After a time one of them asked in an awestruck murmur, "What's the matter, signore?" and seized his cloak. The other, Cosmo heard distinctly whisper to himself, "That was a war cry," while he also grabbed the cloak. The clasp being undone, it slipped off Cosmo's shoulders and then they clung to his arms. It struck Cosmo as remarkable that the old boatman had not ceased his feeble rowing for a moment.

The shout had done Cosmo good. It reestablished his self-respect somehow and it sent the blood moving through his veins as if indeed it had been a war cry. He had shaken their nerves. If they had not remained perfectly motionless holding his arms there would have started a scrimmage in that boat which would certainly have ended in the water. But their grip was feeble. They did nothing, but, bending towards each other in front of Cosmo till their heads almost touched, watched his lips from which such an extraordinary shout had come. Cosmo stared stonily ahead as if unconscious of their existence, and again he had the strange illusion of a dark spot ahead of the boat. He thought, "That's no illusion. What a fool I was. It must be a mooring buoy." A couple of minutes elapsed before he thought again, "That old fellow will be right into it, presently."

He didn't consider it his business to utter a warning because the bump he expected happened almost immediately. He had misjudged the distance. Owing to the slow pace the impact was very slight, slighter even than Cosmo expected against such a heavy body as a mooring buoy would be. It was really more like a feeble hollow sound than a shock. Cosmo, who was prepared for it, was really the one that felt it at once, and the ancient boatman rocked sharply over his shoulder. He uttered no sound and did not even attempt to rise from the thwart. He simply, as it seemed to Cosmo, let go the oars. The *sbirri* only became aware of something having happened after the hollow bump was repeated, and Cosmo had become aware that the object in the water was not a buoy but another boat not much bigger than theirs. Then they both exclaimed and in their surprise their grip relaxed. One of them cried in astonishment, "An empty boat." It was indeed a surprising occurrence. With no particular purpose in his mind Cosmo stood up while one of the *sbirri* stood up either to catch hold of the boat or push it away, for the two boats were alongside each other by that time. A strange voice in the dark said very loud: "The man in the hat," and as if by enchantment three figures appeared standing in a row. Cosmo had not even time to feel surprised. The two boats started knocking about considerably, and he felt himself seized by the collar and one arm and dragged away violently from between the two *sbirri* by the power of irresistible arms which as suddenly let him go as if he were an inanimate object, and he fell heavily in the bottom of the second boat almost before his legs were altogether clear of the other. During this violent translation his hat fell off his head without any scheming on his part.

He was not exactly frightened but he was excusably flustered. One is not kidnapped like this without any preliminaries every day. He was painfully aware of being in the way of his new captors. He was kicked in the ribs and his legs were trodden upon. He heard blows being struck against hard substances which he knew were human skulls because of the abortive yells ending in groans. There was a determination and ferocity in this attack combined with the least possible amount of noise. All he could hear were the heavy blows and the hard breathing of the assailants. Then came a sort of helpless splash. "Somebody will get drowned," he thought.

HE made haste to pull himself forward from under the feet of the combatants. Luckily for his ribs they were bare, which also added to the quietness of that astonishing development. Once in the bows he sat up,and by that time everything was over. Three shadowy forms were standing in a row in the boat, motionless, like labourers who had accomplished a notable task. The boat out of which he had been dragged was floating within a yard or two, apparently empty. The whole affair, which could not have lasted more than a minute, seemed to Cosmo to have been absolutely instantaneous. Not a sound came from the shipping along the quays, not even from the brig and the xebec which were the nearest. A sense of final stillness such as follows, for instance, the explosion of a mine and resembles the annihiliation of all one's perceptive faculties took possession of Cosmo for a moment. Presently he heard a very earnest but low voice cautioning the silent world: "If you dare make a noise I will come back and kill you." It was perfectly impersonal; it had no direction, no particular destination. Cosmo, who heard the words distinctly, could connect no image of a human being with them. He was roused at last when, dropping his hand on the gunwale, he felt fingers under it. He snatched his hand away as if burnt and only then looked over. The white hair of the old boatman seemed to rest on the water right against the boat's side. He was holding on silently, even in this position displaying the meek patience of his venerable age—and Cosmo contemplated him in silence. A voice, not at all impersonal this time, said from the stern sheets, "Get out your oars."

"There is a man in the water here," said Cosmo, wondering at his own voice being heard in those fantastic conditions. It produced, however, the desired effect, and almost as soon as he had spoken Cosmo had to help a bearded sailor, who was a complete stranger to him, to haul the old man inside the boat. He was no great weight to get over the gunwale, but they had to handle him as if he had been drowned. He never attempted to help himself. The other men in the boat took an interest in the proceedings.

"Is he dead?" came a subdued inquiry from aft.

"He is very old and feeble," explained Cosmo in an undertone. Somebody swore long but softly, ending with the remark: "Here's a complication."

"That scoundrel Barbone dragged out a dying man," began Cosmo impulsively.

"*Va bene, va bene* . . . Bundle him in and come aft, signore."

Cosmo, obeying this injunction, found himself sitting in the stern sheets by the side of a man whose first act was to put his hand lightly upon his shoulder in a way that conveyed a sort of gentle exultation. The discovery that the man was Attilio was too startling for comment at the first moment. The next it seemed the most natural thing in the world.

"It seems as if nothing could keep us apart," said that extraordinary man in a low voice. He took his hand off Cosmo's shoulder and directed the two rowers—who, Cosmo surmised, were the whisperers of the tower—to pull under the bows of the brig. "We must hide from those custom-house fellows," he said. "I fancy the galley is coming along."

To be continued in the next issue

Harper & Brothers have awarded the prize in their second novel contest to Anne Parrish, author of "A Pocketful of Poses" and "Semi-Attached," for her tale, "The Perennial Bachelor." The story opens in the Delaware of 1850, and depicts changing thought and custom from that date up to the present time. The judges in the contest were Stuart P. Sherman, Carl Van Doren, and Jesse Lynch Williams. Novels were submitted in the competition from every state in the union. Five of the competing novels were chosen for publication.

Rules of the Conrad Contest

1. Five cash prizes will be paid by *The Saturday Review of Literature*, as follows:

First Prize	$500
Second Prize	250
Third Prize	50
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Fifty prizes consisting each of any one volume of the limp leather edition of Conrad's works which the winners may choose.

2. Beginning in the June 27th issue and continuing until September *The Saturday Review* will publish serially Joseph Conrad's last, unfinished novel, "Suspense." For the best essays on the probable ending of "Suspense" *The Saturday Review* offers $1,000.00 in prizes as specified in Rule No. 1.

3. Do not submit any essays until after the last instalment has appeared in September. At the conclusion of the contest all manuscripts should be sent to *The Saturday Review* Contest Editor, 236 East 39th Street, New York, N. Y. Your full name and complete address must appear on the manuscript.

4. It is not necessary to be a subscriber to or purchaser of *The Saturday Review* in order to enter the contest. Copies of *The Saturday Review* may be examined at the Public Libraries. The contest is open to anyone except employees of the paper. Reviewers and contributors to the pages of the *Review* are eligible for all except the second prize, which is open only to non-professional writers.

5. The essays should be about 500 words in length, although they may run to 2,000 words.

Decision as to the merits of the essays will be made not only on the basis of the plausibility of the suggested ending, but also its plausibility as the ending of a characteristic Conrad novel. In awarding the prizes the literary quality of the essay will be taken into consideration as well as the ingenuity of the solution.

It must be clearly understood that the article submitted cannot be an actual conclusion to "Suspense," but must take the form of a discussion of what that conclusion might have been. Mrs. Conrad has emphatically refused to permit the publication of any end to the novel.

6. The judges will be Captain David W. Bone, Joseph Hergesheimer, and Professor William Lyon Phelps. Their decision will be final.

7. The contest will close on October 1, 1925. Manuscript must be in the office of *The Saturday Review* before midnight of that date.

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Books of Special Interest

An Unorthodox Work

FOUNDATIONS OF CHRISTIANITY: A STUDY IN CHRISTIAN ORIGINS. By KARL KAUTSKY. Authorized Translation from the Thirteenth German Edition. New York: International Publishers. 1925. $4.

Reviewed by HENRY J. CADBURY
Harvard University.

THE edition here translated of Kautsky's "Der Ursprung des Christentums" which first appeared in 1908, shows little change from the original one. An English translation was projected in 1917 but never issued. Now we have a very creditable representation of the work. The unnamed translator has rendered the German with accuracy into idiomatic English. The printing and paper are excellent.

The contents and contentions of the work will not excite general approval. It purports to be a work of history and its method is indeed not without justification of that claim. The author shows a detachment from passion, an effort to sift truth from falsehood, a power for historical synthesis on the basis of a general background of analysis, and he quotes effectively the primitive sources. It is no condemnation of the work that it questions many orthodox traditions of Christian history. Theologians had already done this, *e.g.*, Pfleiderer, whom Kautsky often quotes. The miracles of the New Testament are rejected as part of contemporary credulity, the speeches of Jesus are considered too unreliable to give us any clear portrait of his character. The Jewish sources of early Christianity account for its Messianism and ethics as Gentile superstition does for its miracles and deceit. In fact Christianity is regarded as the product of its time. Its originality and its alleged superior humanitarianism are denied. Monotheism, redemption, and immortality were in the air.

Kautsky does not go so far as others have done towards denying the existence of Jesus. He admits his existence but despairs of knowing anything about him. The gospels only show the character of later Christianity and non-Christian historians add no clear information. But this is not a significant lack to Kautsky since he believes individual persons play little part in history. In fact Kautsky is an adherent of the socialist school,—the economic interpreters of history,—and the book is a brilliant if perverse sample of that method. Its selection for English translation was therefore well advised, if it is read with discrimination.

The body of the work is an analysis of Roman society in sociological terms and is followed by an attempt to reduce Judaism and Christianity to a similar mould. Ideological historiography is deprecated, and Christian origins are portrayed as a class affair. Christianity began as a movement of the proletariat. Its founder was a Jewish revolutionary who was curbed like other zealots by the Roman power. That he intended to use force seems to Kautsky to be shown by passages in the gospels, while the pacifist teachings ascribed to him there are later Christian corrections. The followers of Jesus maintained an existence because they were already organized. The resurrection did not hold them together. They lived still in hopes of a material millennium. Kautsky takes as sober history the accounts of communism in the Acts of the Apostles, and hints at corresponding irregularities in the Christian attitude to family ties.

In three centuries, however, according to Kautsky, Christianity completely changed. Its fighting character gave way to docility or passive resistance. As a proletarian movement it lost interest in the overthrow of wealth, since the ancient proletarian unlike the slave was a parasite on wealth. It failed to abolish slavery. Rather it fawned or even converted wealthy persons. In place of communism it developed a system of charity for emergencies no more extensive than modern mutual insurance. It developed gradually an organization of its own and when it became the state religion it became the instrument and ally of exploitation and domination.

The historical defects of this work and its school are well known to technical students and need no detailed comment here. The main fault is a one-sided understanding of history, emphasis on the economic factor to the exclusion of others and interpretation of unrelated phenomena in the light of true but irrelevant facts. The book shows a better understanding of New Testament times than of New Testament ideas. Christianity cannot in any fairness be regarded as the precipitate of certain class interests nor as ever animated primarily by class hatred. It is to be feared that the general reader who shares the author's presuppositions will overlook the glaring incompleteness of his picture and the arbitrary treatment of the source material.

Conservative Christians need not be warned against the book. They will be too much offended at its unorthodoxy to proceed very far. The object of the book is not however an attack on Christianity. Its effect is indeed to create doubt about its records, uncertainity about its founder's portrait, scepticism on its claims of miraculous attestation, originality, and moral achievement and positive scorn on its increasingly powerful organization. Nor does the author attempt to commend his own economic theories as confirmed by early Christianity. For the socialism of his teachers Kautsky finds no precedent in the gospel. He does not make Jesus a Marxian nor does he commend the communism of the early church. He is more impressed with the differences between ancient and modern social conditions and his desire is to show that socialism in the twentieth century should not necessarily be expected to degenerate into class rule, conservatism, and the reverse of its original character as Christianity did in the third century of its development.

On Importing

PRINCIPLES OF IMPORTING. By W. E. BUTTERBAUGH. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1924. $5.

THE IMPORTER'S HANDBOOK. By JAMES A. DUNNAGE. New York: Sir Isaac Pitman & Sons, Ltd. 1924. $3.

Reviewed by G. B. ROORBACH
Harvard University

THE significance of these two books consists in the fact that they are the first books to be published in English dealing in a comprehensive manner with the business and technique of importing. This is, perhaps, the more surprising in regard to the British import trade, since importing has been so long recognized of vital importance to that country and has not there been associated with a tariff policy seeking to block imports. In the United States, on the other hand, the average citizen, including many business men, has come to associate "foreign trade" with "exporting," and nearly all the emphasis has been placed, both commercially and governmentally, on expanding foreign sales. Importing, in fact, is characteristically regarded in the United States as an evil to be avoided, and the importer as almost, if not quite, an undesirable citizen.

However, a growing number of the thoughtful, both in business and in government, are coming to realize that importing is as much "foreign trade" as is exporting; that exporting, in fact, is possible only because the citizens of a country demand or require imports; that exports are the price paid for imports; that we export in order that we may import. And as a nation grows in wealth and influence, as its industries become more complex and varied, imports demands grow in size and diversity. A complex industrial country becomes yearly more and more dependent on materials from all the world; and rising standards of living among an advanced people are more and more insistent on obtaining the variety and quality of goods that increasing education and wealth desire. The importer's position in business organization is one of great and growing importance. It is time more attention was paid to the business problems of this class of merchants.

The two books under review are alike in that they both treat of the technical aspects of importing. Mr. Butterbaugh's book treats of the organization and practice of American importers; Mr. Dunnage treats of British technique. Neither book attempts to discuss the theory of importing; both are written for the actual importer as he performs his routine tasks. Both books reproduce many forms and documents used in importing—those connected with the entry of goods through customs, transportation documents, and commercial forms used by importers. Mr. Butterbaugh gives somewhat more attention to analysis of practices while the Handbook is mostly descriptive.

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Recent German Books

By Erich Posselt

DURING the last few years in Germany a number of new names have come to the fore, names heretofore comparatively unknown, and appreciated only by those connoisseurs of contemporary literature who had a somewhat deeper insight into the abyss where new talents struggle and spring into existence. Thus Thiess, Kafka, Roth, Daudistel, and others. These newcomers, judged by their recent books, seem to have one thing in common: they need elbow-room. They—as against the older school—are no longer expressionists pouring out their hearts in stammering, elliptic phrases, broken words, and ejaculations. They represent, in a certain sense, a renaissance of the art of story-telling and at the same time, a return to realism. Their novels are worked out with a wealth of detail running to several hundred pages and, simply for this reason they mock the hopes of American publishers anxiously scanning the horizon for new works to bring out. Thiess is among them,—Thiess whose fame through "Die Verdammten" (The Damned) and "Der Leibhaftige" (The Devil Incarnate), both of them published by Engelhorn in Stuttgart and both of them well in excess of 600 pages, begins to spread outside of Continental Europe. Another is Thomas Mann with his "Der Zauberberg" (Fischer, Berlin) of which an English translation is now being prepared for Alfred Knopf.

Heinrich Mann, Thomas's prolific brother, also has a lengthy novel before the public, called "Der Kopf," (The Head: Zsolnay, Vienna) which is the last—if independent—volume of the trilogy "The Novels of the Wilhelmic Epoch." While "Der Untertan" (The Patrioteer) was the story of the middle class, and "Die Armen" (The Poor) the novel of the proletariat, "Der Kopf" treats of ruling classes. It is a marvelously interesting volume crowded with action, rich in symbolism. Two friends, Terra (sic!) and Mangold (*nomen est omen!*) hold the center of the stage, both of them swept on and up to ruling positions. But while the one represents the clean, upright struggle for truth and for the hidden roots of events, the other is the unscrupulous go-getter who succeeds by ruthless ambition—two individuals, typical of the two classes of Germans who, divided by an abyss, make up Wilhelmic Germany. "Der Kopf" is possibly the first political novel of the period ever written. But while politics form the background for the weird Witches-Sabbath of politicians, Kaisers, actors, military leaders, businessmen, harlots, princes, and beggars, the story is extraordinarily human and interesting, even fascinating. The book as such towers above anything Heinrich Mann has ever written with the possible exception of "Die Göttinnen."

Lion Feuchtwangers "Jud Suess" might be called a political novel, too. But while Mann treats the immediate past, Feuchtwanger takes as his protagonist the figure of Josef Suess Oppenheimer, privy councillor and financial advisor of Duke Karl Alexander of Württemberg. It may be remembered that "Jew Suess" was the first Hebrew who escaped the ghetto and rose to be the practical ruler of a German state. Hauff wrote a short story of the same name which even today is considered a masterpiece. But Feuchtwanger has outdistanced him in the sense that he succeeds far better then Hauff in making the Jewish financier a figure of flesh and blood. Vain and shallow, ambitious and miserly at first, Jud Suess is shaken to the core by the death of his daughter Naemi. From that day on he becomes the implacable vulture of historical tradition who knows only one goal, revenge for the death of his child caused by the Duke Karl Alexander of Württemberg and Teck. There are few books which succeed in bringing a rather nebulous past so near, so within reach. In this novel, too, the historical and human aspects are tinged with symbolism. Thus "Jud Suess" is the novel of the Jew and the Christian—and neither one is spared. When Oppenheimer, finally, dies on the gallows in a cage especially constructed for him, he dies a martyr—the sacred sign Shin, the first letter of the holy name Schaddai, formed by three fingers of his hand.

"Der Geisselschwingende Gott" (The Scourging God) by Hanns Oskar Roth tells the story of a girl, the daughter of a poet-vagabond and a peasant, who has inherited the curse of sex from her forebears. Driven by an insatiable lust, she brings unhappiness to all those who love her, including her own father known to her only as a lover. Roth's book weighs on the reader like a nightmare but its very terror has a fascination. A book with a theme like this is practically unthinkable in America or England and would have been impossible—in spite of its artistic merits—in pre-war Germany.

Another book of note belonging to the late spring crop is the posthumous work of the Prague poet, Franz Kafka, which Schmiede, Berlin, published under the title "Der Prozess" (The Trial). It is a somewhat broad and didactic story, interspersed with glittering lyricism. Today, Kafka is recognized as one of the important prose writers of contemporary Germany. The recognition, as usual, comes too late.

Albert Daudistel, a sailor, and one of the political friends of Ernst Toller and Erich Mühsam, who was imprisoned like them for his part in the Bavarian revolution, has followed up his first book "Die Lahmen Goetter" (The Lame Gods) by a sombre if stylistically more finished novel, "Das Opfer" (The Sacrifice), also published by Schmiede of Berlin.

In fact, the number of more or less important German literary works of recent publication is so large that even a partially complete list would fill several columns.

Foreign Notes

M. BERNARD FAY'S "Panorama de la Littérature Contemporaine" (Kra) is a useful, clearly written but brief survey of French literature from Victor Hugo and Zola to the present year. There are papers on Rimbaud (initiator of new poetry and prodigious character), Verlaine, the "popular poet of Symbolism," Mallarmé, France, Bourget, Proust, Gide Valéry, and the work of poets and prose writers of today. The book appears to be a collection of articles, but for all that it will be of value to readers who want to brush up their knowledge of this subject. M. Fay's explanation of why French literature seems a chaos to outsiders is interesting: because each quarter of Paris has its special cult, and beginning just outside the gates of Paris—the Provinces have their own special devotions to various periods. The Provinces are more or less unconscious of "surrealism" and novelties of that sort, and continue to read in peace the "masters" accepted by their ancestors. M. Fay is preparing, with Mr. Avery Claflin, a book on Federalism and Democracy in America.

What is said to be one of the best of the recent Italian novels is Fausto Maria Martini's "Il Cuore che M'Hai Dato" (Milan: Mondadori). The story is developed about a hereditary tendency toward overpowering jealousy which the hero manifests as had his father before him, and which makes his life with his wife a torment.

Another work on French life is "La Famille Française" (Spès), the first volume of which has appeared and is to be followed by a second. It consists of a collection of the best pages written by French writers of memoirs, of letters, of moral and educational books, not pedagogical, and gives truthfully the essence of old French traditions still powerful in the life of the people, as old residents of France are aware.

Another book on the same subject in a minor way is "Monsieur de Payloubard" (Plon), a novel by the Marquise d'Ambelle, who describes life in old Perigord at the time of the Restoration. She portrays a noble family in its daily life. The chief value of this book is its reproduction of French provincial life of that period.

M. Paul Morand, who has just been appointed Chargé d'Affaires to Siam, publishes a new book entitled "L' Europe Galante" (Grasset), a "Chronique du XXe Siècle," which consists of short international stories told in the author's sparkling and unexpected style. The book cannot be called suggestive, as it leaves nothing to be suggested. M. Morand contributes to *Les Nouvelles Littérairies* an article defending French writers for seeking subjects and characters outside of France. They cannot, he says, disregard the wealth of material at their disposal in the study of foreigners and foreign customs.

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Points of View

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To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:
Sir:

After indulging in resentments, diatribes, and haughty instructions to my "ignorance," and after resorting to the crudely unfair device of quoting from a letter of adverse criticism written to me by Ezra Pound during the year 1917, when my creations and opinions were still in a formative and shaky period, my recent critic, Mr. Allen Tate, confesses that "this is not the place for an old fogy in the early twenties to offer tuition to a veteran like Maxwell Bodenheim" (! ?). This surprising shift in positions would almost indicate that Mr. Tate had re-read the first two-thirds of his letter and had decided that they needed some semblance of contradiction. Somehow, my work always delves under the skin of those people who oppose it. They are scarcely ever able to reply to it with anything resembling the qualities of calmness and careful attention. Therefore, as a necessary contrast, I shall respond to the above-mentioned critic without the spirit of sweeping anger which would seem to characterize the greater part of his letter.

To begin with, my essay was entitled "Criticism in America." Since it is probable that my critic read this title, I cannot understand why he berated me for not including critics such as Mr. Santayana and Mr. T. S. Eliot, who are not associated with literary criticism in this country. However, my article did not pretend to any thoroughness, and it was simply the exposure and the diagnosis of certain concealed harmonies and common aversions which I have discerned beneath the "conservative," "liberal," and "radical" alignments of American literary critics. In the space of twenty-eight-hundred words one must necessarily omit many important figures and concentrate upon those which are peculiarly identified with one's thesis. It so happens that I have a good deal of admiration—tempered by a moderate amount of disagreement—for all of the critics whose omission caused Mr. Tate to assail me, and I failed to mention them because I believe that they stand apart from the secret and undoubtedly unconscious alliance that exists between other critics.

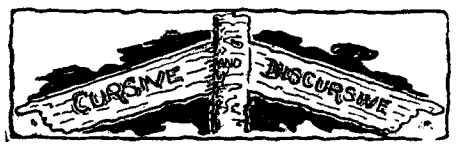
Again, Mr. Tate is incorrect when he asserts that I display "a good deal of superior impatience with an alleged neglect by critics of certain qualities of poetry" which I imagine to be my own discovery and peculiar to myself. My essay was directed against the prevailing, often poorly veiled, critical dislike of individuality (originality), and of the qualities of conscious irony and ascendant intellect, and I am scarcely egotistic enough to believe that I have signed any exclusive and inclusive mortgage to the aforementioned attributes! It is barely possible that other writers, of the past and present, possess and have possessed both individuality and intellect.

Again, he states that I "ascribe inappropriate limitations to a group of journalists," under the impression that they are "critics," when in reality I classified them under the phrase: "this sincere, semi-cautious, eagerly journalistic crowd of present-day American 'critics'," and enclosed the word critic in the very quotation-marks which Mr. Tate uses. It is only my spirit of forgiving calmness which causes me to believe that my critic actually read every line of the offending essay, in spite of his foregoing comments.

Again, I did not claim that critics such as Mr. Malcolm Cowley and Mr. Gorham B. Munson "object to anybody's irony. . . on principle." Their objections are quite obviously centred on those forms of literary irony which possess the greatest degree of deliberateness and of unqualified intellect. I am sorry that the four qualities which I have listed as "nonchalance," "conscious irony," "deliberate emotion," and "romping intellect," astonish my critic, and that he thinks that they are especially connected with the "foundations of my vanity." I could hardly assert that I lack such a vanity—perhaps Mr. Tate is inhuman in this respect—but I must certainly contend that the qualities previously mentioned are not and can never be the sole property of any one creator. In regard to their "naiveté," I am tempted to wonder just how my critic would define the word "sophistication" (an opportunity which he neglects) . . . Again, he declares that Mr. Malcolm Cowley once wrote a "devastating" critique of my creations. The critique in question was a review of my third book of verse "Introducing Irony," and its high-lights consisted of the contentions that my verse resembles that of William Shakespeare in every way—how poor old Bill must have revolved in his grave when he heard the news!—and that my poems produce in the reader the aftermaths of "green colic" and a "Fourth of July" celebration. Since I happen to be writing this answer on the Fourth of July, I had better end it at this point.

Sincerely,
MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

P. S.—I would like to add that I have been and am still a great admirer of Mr. Allen Tate's verse, and that I have frequently discerned within it the swift and playful strength of intellect—the "romping intellect" to which he reacts with such mingled scorn and amusement in his letter.



A BOOK for an idle hour that was published in 1919 and of which, through second-hand channels, we came into possession several years ago, has occurred to us (inspiration failing) as a fitting subject for one of these rambling ruminations of ours to which we have not the slightest doubt you look forward with such palpitating eagerness every (so to speak) week-end.

We have always enjoyed biography, and, in acquiring for a quarter (marked down from fifty cents) the life-history of Reginald Drake Biffin, as recorded by Harry Graham, we feel that we have come into a treasure in this field. A handsome mock-photograph of "The Grange, Biddenhurst, 1864," serves as frontispiece to this charming volume, which was written in various parts of France during War time and "is gratefully dedicated to Major-General John Ponsonby, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O., in Memory of Many Trying Times which only his inspiring presence and companionship helped to render tolerable." Five interior illustrations to the volume convey presentments of Caroline Lady Biffin, Major Horace Blood-Busterfield, Oliver, 4th Earl of Biddenhurst, Reginald Drake Biffin, and Lady Mildred McLogan.

Biffin was a remarkable man of letters. Mr. Graham's book is entitled "Biffin and His Circle." "It must not be imagined," he says, in one of the later chapters, "Early Struggles," "that as a man of letters Biffin sprang into fame in a single year. His life, like that of many another rising genius, was for a long time fraught with apparent failure; his path was set about with thorns." That being the case, and his early rejections many, still he persisted, his biographer tells us, in writing "with equal ease and power upon any theme that his fancy might suggest."

In the first three years of his literary life he produced articles upon the Portuguese Navy, the Prosody of Bishop Colenso, Euthanasia, The Guinea-Pig in Sickness and in Health; Essays upon Prayer, Music in its relation to the human soul, the Prevalence of Glanders in Flanders, and a thousand different subjects; while poems, ballads, marching-songs, odes, sonnets, triolets, roulades, and innumerable Limericks poured forth in a perpetual stream from his prolific pen.

It was Meredith Wilks who inducted him into journalism and ensconced him upon *The Bugle*. Here he had a perfectly incredible career, but he also possessed "an incurably romantic temperament." Hence Lady Mildred McLogan (pronounced Mulligan) when she came along, simply hopped upon him. She was one of the twelve daughters of the late Earl of Gorbals.

Artless, ingenuous, though she might be, Lady Mildred McLogan in many respects displayed * * * an originality of character which she must, I think, have inherited from her father. It expressed itself in many of her simplest actions, as for instance when she went to the Costume Ball at Sunderford House—attired only in two pieces of seaweed and a chain—or when she walked down Bond Street in a large "picture" hat upon which was perched a live parrot, using (the parrot I mean, not Lady Mildred) language that would have been better suited to the hold of a tramp steamer than to a respectable West End thoroughfare.

"Fate," thinks his chronicler, "intended Biffin and Lady Mildred McLogan to be brought together." They were. But alas, temporarily only. When Biffin went to propose he misunderstood the pet name by which Lord Gorbals called his daughter, and whistled for her as though for a dog. He never saw her again.

Of his poetry, let his chronicler speak:

I have but lately read and re-read the six volumes of his collected verse which were recently published by Messrs. McChapman & Small; and what amazes me about Biffin's work is not so much the abundance of his output as the rich variety of his style and the diversity of treatment that he accords to a host of dissimilar subjects. At times he seems to be inspired with all the innocent simplicity and much of the mysticism of William Blake, as in:

The Daisy

The daisy with its fan
Shelters the worm,
Old and infirm,
On the mountain-side.

'Tis so with mortal man;
Life is a welter,
The sky our shelter,
God will provide!

Mr. Graham speaks also of Biffin as an essayist. He quotes what a critic said of the content of his essays, "All those opinions upon life which the average reader has long entertained but is naturally ashamed to express." And Mr. Graham adds,

He always finds what the French so aptly call *le mot juste*; there is a certain (how shall I put it?) *je ne sais quoi* about his writings which is not to be found in the works of many more popular essayists, notably perhaps Mr. Tonks P. Stucker, the American student of animal life, or Zetchzko, the writer of Roumanian detective stories.

And of Biffin's novels, according to his biographer, "Roses All the Way" and "Strangers and Sojourners" have survived the longest. As for his "The Buried Cable" a detective story,

Mr. W. W. Jacobs has never written anything more eerie than Biffin's description of the club-footed hansom-cab driver with the withered face dropping vitriol through the trap-door of his cab on to the head of the half-drugged and quarter-witted Lord Wembley. Mr. Edwin Pugh and Mr. Richard Marsh could scarcely have conceived of a more appalling situation than that in which Amy Cartwright found herself on her marriage eve, when she was surrounded by a pack of blind hyenas in the Leper Settlement of St. Adiomento. Mr. Sax Rohmer's inventive faculties would be taxed to their uttermost to devise anything more subtle and complicated than the net in which the author entangled the unfortunate George de Vere when he fastened him securely in a mail-bag and left him hanging by his teeth to the railway signal exactly over the spot where his fiancée lay bound to the metals. Only by releasing his hold could George set the signal against the 6.53 express, then already eight minutes overdue; if, however, he let go, although the signal would rise automatically and stop the train, the hero would himself fall with disastrous and crushing results upon the helpless form of his beloved. In how ingenious and surprising a fashion Biffin extricated his principal characters from this *impasse* the reader will not have forgotten.

Mr. Graham quotes *The Times* Literary Supplement as saying of "The Buried Cable,"

"The Buried Cable" is a book that it is impossible to put down; you either read it through at a sitting, or else you throw it away at once.

In a journal of this character we have naturally selected for quotation the more literary incidents of Biffin's career, but there are still about 240 pages of Mr. Graham's book that we have left unquoted. In these days of so much biography and autobiography, "Biffin and His Circle" is a volume one cannot afford to neglect. Messrs. Mills & Boon of 49 Rupert Street, London, brought out the edition of which we have a copy. Is this priceless *bibelot* in an American edition? If it isn't, it certainly ought to be. It makes the weight of human existence far less oppressive!

W. R. B.

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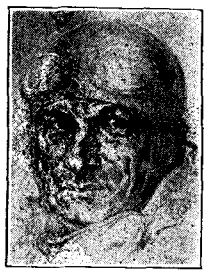

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The New Books

The books listed by title only in the classified list below are noted here as received. Many of them will be reviewed later

Biography

JOSEPH CONRAD: THE MAN. By ELBRIDGE L. ADAMS. New York: William Edwin Rudge. 1925. $10 net.

There was that about Conrad which makes the smallest testimonies to his personality interesting and vital. Mr. Elbridge Adams's affectionately written account of his friendship with Conrad is in no way important, but it will find its way onto the shelves of collectors as an interesting memento of the great writer's visit to this country. Dr. John Sheridan Zelie's description of Conrad's burial is included in the little volume, which is limited to 485 copies, in typography worthy of its supervisor (Mr. Bruce Rogers), and is most charmingly printed by the excellent William Edwin Rudge. A brilliant etching of Conrad by Muirhead Bone forms the frontispiece.

Where the voice of Conrad himself is heard in this little volume it becomes worthy of special attention. His remark on reaching Mr. Adams's home in the Berkshires has a pleasant ring. "I am so glad your house is not white with green shutters. America to me has been one long line of white houses with green blinds."

But the most interesting feature of the little book is Conrad's answers to a list of questions submitted to him by a New Haven bookseller. He took the trouble to answer them. To the inquiry "Do you think that Paderewski's tenure of office in Poland had the success that was anticipated?" Conrad replied "I do not know what sort of success was anticipated for Paderewski." The really significant thing in Conrad's replies to these questions about his books was his admission that so many of his stories originated in "odd bits of various episodes heard at different times." "An Outpost of Progress" Conrad describes as "built round an actual fact in a spirit of scorn."

These comments of Conrad's on his own tales are valuable, and Mr. Adams did well to preserve them.

Fiction

BIGGER AND BLACKER. By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN. Little, Brown. 1925.

Of the various dark lodes which Mr. Cohen has mined in his admirable fashion, none bears evidence of more uniform quality than that which touches the Midnight Picture Corporation of Birmingham, with whose intricate doings the eight stories in "Bigger and Blacker" are immediately concerned.

Mr. Cohen continues to beat a loud drum for enterprise. He trafficks with "better" Negroes, not because they appear morally finer in the candent light of their several adventures, but because they are better clay for his purpose. A quartering business, but very delightful. A pirate company, but almost lovable in its full breadth: President Orifice R. Latimer, stars Opus Randall and Welford Potts, director J. Caesar Clump, lawyer Evans Chew, the dapper Mr. Florian Slappey, and a small collection of others. Met again, in new crossings and double-crossings. Moth-like about the cinema. In fierce scheming and immense tragedy.

WEEK-END. By CHARLES BRACKETT. McBride. 1925. $1.75.

Mr. Brackett's magazine stories have been entertaining, and his first novel has been undertaken in a spirit of airy persiflage. It is dedicated to Thomas Love Peacock, and we can see why, but Firbank, Huxley, and Van Vechten are its real sponsors in method,—what method there is in this mainly diverting madness. Of course, Mr. Brackett is quite aware of his derivations. Note the end of the book. The best thing in it, according to our way of thinking, is Caleb's dream as related to Mrs. Pendarvis, though Morris's story as related to Nan in the limousine is not without its brilliance. As for the constant chatter and the obvious affectations of the tale, —at least we were never bored. The book is brief and frothy. There are all sorts of diverse tastes in fiction. We ourselves prefer such a trifle to many significant novels. This is a pure *jeu d'esprit*, and, as such, an applaudable performance. Young Mr. Brackett is distinctly clever.

CABRIBA. By MULLA HANARANDA. New York: American Library Service. 1925. $3.

With an ornately oriental lavishness and with a fancifulness that is at once exotic and visionary, the author has here presented a view of the universe that is in effect a *réchauffé* of the occult speculations that have come to us from the East. The ideas of reincarnation and predestination are stressed especially. In the story embodying and embellishing these ideas the hero himself is especially favored with occult powers by one of the Hierarchy of Elder Brethren, and consequently his revelatory visions and supernatural experiences are part of his fantastic quest of the Heart of the World. In the end he meets the woman predestined for him. He recognizes her at sight, and she meets him with open arms. She is renamed *Cabriba*, which is the cryptic meaning for "The Garden of the Gods" and in an ancient tongue meant "Love Conquers All; Love Rules Supremely Over All Things."

"Cabriba" is a naïve book; but its exoctic setting, its oracular attitude, and its artificially persuasive style make it a curious book. Its thesis, if absurd, is preposterous enough to be amusing. So many sentimentally minded men and women are anxious to be "shown a way of life that leads not downward and awild, but ever upward and onward," that this book will not lack readers—and followers.

ROSALIE. By CHARLES MAJOR. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

A novel of adventure will always find ready readers in the summer season, and this one has a good story-skeleton to start it on its way; for which fact indeed we might be well prepared by observing that it is by the author of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" and other familiar romances. Unjust accusation, escape from justice,—injustice, that is, shipwreck, escape again, love, hardship in frozen Canadian solitudes, ultimate deliverance and a happy finale,—all the ingredients of a good romantic tale are here.

In one aspect the book merits criticism, and in another an opportunity is suggested and then lost. We refer first to the dialogue, which is stilted and inadequate; surprisingly so for any author who handles plot outlines so easily. If a romance of adventure is well done at all, it merits the touch of reality which natural conversation lends and which the lack of it destroys.

The lost opportunity is that of the suggestion of the background of another century with which the book opens. Such a setting would be of considerable advantage in this tale, but the feeling of it recurs only occasionally. If it were better sustained the book would gain distinctly in atmosphere and value.

THE GLORIOUS APOLLO. By E. BARRINGTON. Dodd, Mead. 1925. $2.

Should a writer consider that justice can only be secured for one person by fastening abnormal practices on another, doubtless there is a way in which he may attempt his object without losing the respect of his fellows. But that way is not by writing a sensational novel in which the commission of an unnautral crime is assumed to be commonly acknowledged. Certainly not by extending the outrage through the binding in of a preface in which it is stated the author has been careful to adhere to facts.

The reviewer considers that the facts in the Byron case are that in the months immediately preceding and following the birth of her daughter, Lady Byron imagined things; a not unusual occurrence, as any physician will testify. Mr. Jeaffreson thinks the hallucination arose some years later, but in any event Lady Byron talked to various people and ultimately confided in Mrs. Stowe who thereupon rushed into print. Backstairs gossip and Mrs. Stowe were followed by "Astarte," written by the pleasant Lord Lovelace, a young grandson of the poet who preferred to saddle his grandfather with incest rather than permit his grandmother to remain convicted of lacking adaptability and understanding. But those who were closest to Byron—Hobhouse, Tom Moore, Hodgson and Harness—and conversant with the charges when first made, knew there was nothing in the allegations, and remained Byron's friends till his death,

(*Continued on next page*)

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The New Books

Fiction

(*Continued from preceding page*)

a thing inconceivable if there had been guilt. Mrs. Stowe's statement (in the "Story," that Lady Byron during the entire time that she lived with Lord Byron knew that he and Mrs. Leigh were practicing their alleged immoral relations but still shared his bed and board, is less incredible than merely stupid. The "evidence" manufactured out of the destruction of the "Memoirs" entrusted to Tom Moore, is utterly demolished by the simple statement that Lord John Russell who read them, stated in 1869, that "Mrs. Leigh was not implicated in them." The Hobson (Lord Brougham) "Memoirs" are not as indefinite as the "*incest at any cost*" fanatics would have us believe.

For the purposes of a novel the Edgecombe hypothesis, involving a child by Miss Chaworth and Byron had been much better. And it may be true. Barrington probably has heard of it, but does not mention it.

THE RECTOR OF MALISEET. By LESLIE REID. Dutton. 1925.

Praiseworthy first novels are not always a promise of future greater achievement sure of fulfilment. Occasionally it would seem that the writer had spent in his initial effort nearly all of his store of mind and art; and the after-years bring no new supply, no growth of powers to furnish the pages of other books. Yet even a cautious prophet might risk the prediction that Mr. Reid has before him a promise which will be borne out. This novel has power and substance, and reserve; it carries a conviction of truth and reality, though its main theme deals with difficult intangible things.

Mr. Reid almost takes his story out of a modern setting by choosing as his location the village of Maliseet, in Raithshire in the west of England. A lonely place—the parish has not one acre of ploughlands in it. The rector, St. John Clare, engages Leonard Carr to come as his literary secretary to compile a book of the saints and miracles of the mediæval church, from notes which he had assembled in his years of scholarship. Here in this parish were the ruins of Pellerin Abbey, once great; the Abbot Ambrose had bartered his soul to Satan and held high revels there. He reformed, wandered through the land and men said the voice of God spoke through him. He returned to tear down the Abbey stone by stone. An ancient book said that God had made a promise to the abbot, to be fulfilled to the first rector of Maliseet who was worthy.

Mr. Reid conveys with some distinction a sense of the atmosphere of this lonely village, of the parish church with its historic past outweighing its failing present, and of the strange family in the rectory of whom Leonard Carr became a part. His characters possess a dignity, a pathos that is truly moving. The battle in the diseased mind of St. Clare, the parallel between this rector of Maliseet and the Abbot in the struggle between the spiritual and the sensual, is the theme which carries the mystery, and Mr. Reid's art supports it well.

There is a charm and persuasion in Mr. Reid's writing. The love of Leonard Carr and Miriam Clare is told with a true simplicity and reticence, and adds to, rather than takes away from a story in which it would otherwise be out of place.

MARIE GRUBBE. By J. P. JACOBSEN. Knopf. 1925. $2.50.

Huxley said that literature and science were two sides of the same thing. This statement, with all its implications, accounts for the career of Jens Jacobsen, a man of scientific bent who ultimately found his satisfaction in the paths of literary art. In Denmark, he was a proponent of Darwin and Huxley, and in sympathy with their reverence for natural law; his scientific turn of mind shows itself in "Marie Grubbe." Indeed, his treatment of character and situation in this book is more truly scientific than that followed by many of our contemporary psychological novelists, for it is more consistently objective. There is little if any dissection of other peoples' insides from the point of view of a man who has no stomach, and the result is a decidedly effective piece of dramatic characterizations.

Almost without comment, he shows us Marie Grubbe and the men and women who affect her destiny; he conducts his heroine through the various stages of her career, from Tjele Farm to the court of Denmark, and thence to her end as the wife of a ferryman. Throughout, she moves with animation, seeming at no time improbable, and being at no time inconsistent with her character as Jacobsen suggests it to us. She has a tendency to sadism which is only slightly abnormal, but which, in these Freudian days, might have been made to take possession of her to the exclusion of other and compensating traits. At first blush, we are glad that Jacobsen knew not Freud, even if he had done so, he would have understood his theories far better than the average amateur. In consequence, he would have changed his method slightly if at all.

Yet we could wish that Jacobsen had appeared on his own stage rather more often than he does. Purely objective treatment is apt to be cold; it is so here. His detachment is too complete, appealing to our curiosity rather than to our sympathies. Marie passes through some bitter experiences, but at no time do we greatly pity her or grow angry at the men who help her to make her path rough. At no time, perhaps, do we understand her without a certain amount of effort.

As a whole, the book reaches us through the intellect and not through the emotions. Therefore, repeated readings will but make its texture firmer, and will probably develop in the reader an accurate appreciation of the zest of Marie Grubbe herself.

CHARMEUSE. By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. Putnams. 1925. $2.

In Iris Storm was exemplified the results of a pagan body having been combined with a Chislehurst mind. In Mr. Thurston's latest novel we find an abundance of the provincialism of Kent, but on the other side of the scales there is only a frock of shiny charmeuse. The result is obvious. It is the old story of self-expression versus Main Street, and, as is to be expected, Mr. Thurston handles his tale smoothly.

Urged by the magic of a new frock the repressed Lætitia seeks new channels for self realization, and in doing so falls foul of her suburban neighbors. The net gain from the conflict is the calf love of a naval officer many years her junior. Already possessing a husband in her own right, Lætitia diverts this sentiment in the general direction of her daughter, thus saving her offspring from concluding her existence mated with a respectable gentleman twice her age.

PEARLS OF DESIRE. By AUSTIN J. SMALL. Houghton Mifflin, 1925. $2.

This tale deals with the South Sea adventures of Laynard, a professional gentleman adventurer who has had a university education and displays it by talking as no human being, save perhaps a thoroughly drunken professor of philology, could ever talk. The story has a few patches of diverting local color. But not even the characters of romance should speak in such a way as to render any illusion of their own reality absurd.

THE LOVE COMPLEX. By THOMAS DIXON. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

Mr. Dixon's latest novel starts at a leisurely and thoughtful pace which is creditably maintained for 100 odd pages, when the tale plunges into deeps of melodrama that swamped our hopes of further congenial reading. Its study of a strong, normal girl's sex urge is cleanly told, interesting and plausible, although her too confident self-reliance alienates her from the sympathy we might have felt in the mess arising from her own impulsive actions. The opening chapters reveal her engaged to a promising young physician, Alan Holt, who constantly exudes heavy and meaningless vapors which are dimly related to experimental research. Donna has agreed to wait an interval of two years before they marry in order that, at thirty, he may be a famous member of his profession.

But within a few weeks of the appointed wedding, although Alan's fame is ringing throughout the land, there enters Donna's heart a handsome, mysterious suitor who captures the girl's affections against Holt's indignant protests. The infatuated pair elope by motor to the Catskills, pausing *en route* to be made one, and put up for the bridal night at a lonely mountain roadhouse. Then the rough stuff begins, wild, gory, unrestrained, touched off by the groom's admission that he is a high class crook. Donna spurns him for a deceitful beast, but suggests that if he reform at once she will stand by him. He refuses, and harsh words as well as fists are called into play. Donna "crowns" her he-man with a stool; they fight vigorously all around the place, and she, being large and brawny, puts up a valiant battle. Donna leaves the field in successful possession of that which is dearer to her than life.

The disgusted bridegroom, bruised and beaten, gets drunk and goes to sleep; Doctor Holt, vengeful and menacing, appears upon the scene; a knife is fatally used in the dark; the contrite and tearful Donna is securely barricaded in her room. But we are not free to disclose the rest of the violent doings that befall in the small hours of that hectic night. The book is one which, despite its obvious excesses, is not easily laid aside before the end.

MADONNA AND THE STUDENT. By ISABEL NEILSON. Huebsch. 1925. $2.

It is an odd society in which the characters of "Madonna and the Student" are set moving—or set talking, for here is a novel of discussion. Rolande, a young English feminist, visits post-war Munich, and is surrounded by married and unmarried Germans, half-starved but full of flowing emotions and intellectual curiosity. Professors, fallen nobles, and students besiege her, but when they speak of love she is able to deny them everything save a torrent of words to the point that the future demands a new woman and not their woman of the Middle Ages. The novel gives an amusing picture of Munich life.

THE GLORY OF DON RAMIRO. By ENRIQUE LARRETA. Translated from the Spanish by L. B. WALTON. Dutton. 1925. $2.50.

"La Gloria de don Ramiro" describes a cad's progress in an age when the might and prejudices of Church and State united to make men greater hypocrites even than they are in the normal process of events. Throughout the history of Don Ramiro's short but tempestuous career—and the book carries him from his conception to the grave—there is recorded to his credit but one generous act—a simple gesture of salutation to a good man unjustly condemned. Beyond that incident, life is not complicated for him by the desire of justice, by decent impulses, or clean thoughts. He is not only willing to stand aside and see injustice done; he omits no opportunity to cheer it on its way. And so the rapid sequence of episodes and adventures, many of which are admirable and valiant in everything except their motives, passes and eventually delivers this incongruous cavalier, in consequence of a belated and still Quixotic renunciation, to the delights of Paradise.

The popularity of "La Gloria de don Ramiro," which although published as recently as 1908 is highly esteemed by Spanish critics, is chiefly accounted for by the fact that the historical novel does not flourish in the South European countries and that the best of the few that exist are topheavy and dull. "La Gloria de don Ramiro," probably partly because its author, Enrique Larreta, is an Argentinian with an excellent background of French culture, is certainly neither. Its data is assimilated, its arrangement deft and effective, its characterization excellent, and the picture it affords of the social life of Spain in the reign of Philip II. vivid and convincing. It is easy to see why this book should have had a vogue in Spain and why Rémy de Gourmont should have thought it worthy of translation into French; but it has little to offer an English public.

THE HARP. By ETHELREDA LEWIS. Doran. 1925. $2.

This is an oppressively sombre st[o]ry beautifully written, nobly conceived overburdened with the weight of one poignant sorrows, disillusionments, trials. Andrew's life, after his happ[y] hood passed with his mother on the Sou[th] African coast, is a prolonged torment of heartbreaking pains inflicted upon him, blindly or deliberately, by others. He is a solitary, patient victim of malignant fate, torn by his tragic vulnerability to the cruelties of human contacts with his sensitive, dream-haunted soul.

No sooner does he feel the exaltation of love for any living thing, be it for his little son, Olaf, for his friend Carinius, or, secretly and devoutly, for the latter's wife Krista, than we know that newer, heavier griefs are preparing to rend Andrew's fleeting felicity. Even with Miss Lewis's gift for writing a very high order of imaginative prose, her faculty for restraint, and her firm grasp of character portraiture, she has been unable to avoid the impression that poor Andrew is compelled to suffer an excessive quantity of worldly tribulations. We like Andrew immensely—he is so thoroughly fine that we don't think any reward he could win would be quite equal to his worth, but instead a watery grave at the end is the only peace he ever knows. This is (and we agree with the specialist in blurbs) a memorable novel, but we wish it were not so consistently dismal.

RED HAIR AND BLUE SEA. By STANLEY R. OSBORN. Scribners. 1925. $2.

Mr. Osborn's South Sea adventure romance makes no striking departure from the standardized formula for fiction of this type. The book is unevenly written, in some parts incredibly mediocre, in others surprisingly good. Its demerits consist largely of pretentious and slovenly exaggerations, its virtues in picturing clearly and magically the isles and waters of the remote tropics. As a writer of enchanting description, the author has control of all his legs, but as a melodramatist, dealing in materials inherently nonsensical and farfetched, he suffers from the usual hyperbolic maladies. His plot has a superficial unity of movement, is garnished liberally with situations of a pseudo-perilous and stressful variety, but its progress is utterly machinelike, devoid of unexpected turns, frequently downright dull.

A party of white-handed aristocrats are pleasure voyaging in the schooner yacht Rainbow among the atolls of the Marshall Islands in the Southern Pacific. *En route* they have stopped at Honolulu to land a couple of stowaways, the disreputable Ponape Burke and his man Friday, a herculean kanaka incongruously named Olive. The yacht is wrecked upon a reef, and Burke suddenly appears upon the scene with his own sailing ship, ostensibly in the rôle of rescuer. However, he limits his aid to a shameless abduction of the beautiful red-haired Palmyra Tree who, early in the book, has stirred his evil heart passionately, and leaves the remainder of the castaways stranded. The rest of the yarn is taken up with the vile conniving of the fiendish Burke to make the girl his, the heroic efforts of the faithful Olive to save her from a fate worse than death, and the endeavors of her own people, led by a stern, silent he-man, to deliver the lost one from the toils.

MARRIED ALIVE. By RALPH STRAUS. Holt. 1925. $2.

A gentleman and his quartet of wives, all very much alive and all of generous consequence in the author's scheme, define a playground for the intrigue of Mr. Straus's new novel, which appears to be both unnecessarily long and tremendously inconsequential. It is not exactly a bad novel, being curious enough to excite curiosity, and sufficiently reticent to withhold a final and uncharted spouse for the last. But as an amusing novel *per se*, a sort of royal ebullition contingent upon the clever Mr. Duxbury "who could treat marriage as a sort of annual celebration"; as such, which it obviously strives to be, it is not a success. Mr. Straus's humor is too mild and too conscious. The sweet fever of delight which he would so patently win he has not at all discovered.

There is Mr. Charles Aloysius Orme, Fellow of St. Mary's College, Cambridge, and University Reader in Social Psychology, a hero of some dimensions who, within his pleasant retreat, has written abundantly upon The Sex and sex; and, what with his written and spoken views, and one thing and another, commands an audience and

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cuts, indeed, a bit of a [illegible] figure. In fact, Orme [illegible] novel in health and [illegible] aunt, the [illegible] Lady Roberts [illegible] Rowcester [illegible] sumably very [illegible] and [illegible] city [illegible] Orme's [illegible] "Lady Wickenham's Fan." [illegible] of our conversational [illegible] sound very dull. It is [illegible] that Charles, a bachelor of forty-four, [illegible] marry. An idea most unwelcome to Mr. Orme, of course, and forgot the [illegible] effect must necessarily involve both craft and cunning.

From the moment, then, of their arrival at Polwyn, an objective of many pages, the conquest of Mr. Orme begins. Mr. Orme, having recovered most of his health, essays to scale a cliff and on a sudden finds himself in a nasty predicament. Mr. Duxbury, his attention having been drawn to the climber by his wife, rushes to the rescue just in time to break the fall. Mr. Orme, his faculties of vision and speech restored, meets his wife; at various milestones in the novel he meets *all* the wives, in fact, which is the story. With two he falls in love, and has a tight time of it, in one place, explaining to Mr. Duxbury how he could possibly censure him for having several wives, when in a book he had expressly said that he would rather have a man commit a crime than do nothing all his natural life. Mr. Orme thinks it over. The last of "Married Alive" is the best, as the penultimate wife is the most engaging. Raverstock, the home of Viola Duxbury (the wives are all almost adequately separated), is genuinely attractive. Particularly the ancestral portraits that adorn its saloon and counsel or disapprove her actions made a friendly cénacle, and remind one in an agreeable way of the Emperors, their prototypes, in "Zuleika Dobson."

THE THOUSAND AND SECOND NIGHT. By Frank Heller. Translated from the Swedish by Edwin Bjorkman. Crowell. 1925. $2.00.

We had heard of "the cleverest rogue in modern fiction" and approached the English translation of his latest exploits with keenest anticipation. Now that the book is finished, although we read it with sustained interest, we wonder why the story was inflated to full novel length.

The circumlocutions of Ibrahim are continuously and heavily flavored with Saharan diction and superstition, but impress the reader as unfair marking of time. It is evident from the first incident of the adventure that Professor Pelotard is to do heroic stuff and rescue his companion fugitives from justice from the stronghold of the Islamic lord-of-manor. Thus it is that Ibrahim and his borrowed device of Arabian Nights entertainment frequently causes savage impatience in the reader (and it is not the sort of impatience healthy to readers of adventure yarns.)

It would be unprincipaled to reveal the plot of the story, which concerns itself with a search for fortune by three companion adventurers, but those who never know what happens within the covers of the book will really not suffer an irreparable loss.

The publisher is to be commended for the pleasing type page and the sturdiness of this light and attractive volume.

ACROSS THE MOON. By Hamish McLeod. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.00.

This book, a romance of madness, establishes that lunacy may be the most satisfying adventure of life—a most beautiful and enthralling experience. In the case of Richard Blake Roderick—the hero—his dementia served as a fine filter permeable only by beauty, and beauty alone remaining, no other reality tangible or intangible, could be of consequence to him.

At birth Richard was the object of his mother's hysterical fascination. In him she saw the miraculous embodiment of her frustrated love for a man now dead and long unseen. As he grew she came to hate him for the memories his presence suggested. First, an accident in babyhood and, later, the thunder of war took from him a part of his mind. Tides of lunacy, now mild, now violent, swept over him smudging memory and dissolving reality but leaving him blithe and arrogant, an unswerving follower of intangible and perfect loveliness.

To Hamish McLeod must be accorded the achievement of a unique and satisfying transcription of what seems throughout to be an authentic human document. The sadness of lunacy is lost in this narrative; there remains only pity and, now and again, envy for poor Richard.

[illegible] SPEAKING. [illegible] Dodd, Mead.

[illegible] novel at [illegible] [illegible] and that [illegible] [illegible] of scarlet [illegible] with young [illegible] [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

New Books

International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

JEROME and JEAN THARAUD. Translated from the French by MADELINE BOYD. Boni & Liveright. 1925. $2.

In this palpitating and colorful book Jerome and Jean Tharaud prove excellent ciceroni not only to the outward and superficial life of Jerusalem, but also to the philosophies and emotions of those who inhabit it. They take us at once to the heart of the city, and in the first three chapters we mingle, on the Saturday of Holy Week, with the Christians waiting round the Tomb of Christ for the holy fire from Heaven, with the orthodox Jews lamenting the fate of Israel by the Wall of Wailing, and with the Moslems in their serene worship at the Mosque of Omar.

Following this introduction to the three great religious groups of Jerusalem, the authors narrow their attention to the life of the Jews and the recent problems of Zionism. They present a history of the Zionist movenment from its germination with Theodore Herzl, showing what change of ideals has taken place and what difficulties the modern Zionist Jews have created in Palestine. With knowledge derived from first-hand study, they show how, each from his own point of view, the Moslems, Christians, and orthodox Jews resented the conversion of their land into a National Home for modern Jews, and how the Jews themselves, coming "not with the Talmud and the Thora, but with the gospel of Karl Marx," have also found reasons for dissatisfaction. The logic of all these objections is based, of course, on selfish considerations, and even the authors' nationality leads them to pounce on the English motives behind the project. At any rate, poverty and the condition of the land, together with the essentially non-agricultural and non-pastoral temperament of the Jews, have thus far made the communistic venture of the Zionist state a very doubtful success.

In succeeding chapters the authors set down admirably a few of the dramatic stories of the Jews in Palestine. And from out of these stories and pictures of Jewish life there emerges, as more important than any of them, the graphic study which the brothers Tharaud have made of the Jew. After five thousand years it is hardly to be supposed that these two men will have found anything really new to say, but their representation is acute and definitive, and it is sympathetic. Against a picturesque and eternal background they have made a stimulating study of a picturesque and eternal people.

THE HEART OF ARYAVARTA. By the *Earl of Ronaldshay*. Houghton Mifflin. $5.

AMERICA AND WORLD PEACE. By *John H. Clarke*. Holt. $5.

Juvenile

ROMAN BRITAIN. By M. and C. H. B. QUENNELL. New York. Putnams. 1925. $2.

Another book is the good "Everyday Life Series" by authors who have established their right to compose for children. This is a very British book, designed for youngsters to whom Roman Britain is the underlying part of their own world. Yet in its working out it is so good an account of Roman life that American children will find it interesting and really valuable. The book is abundantly illustrated. A sketch of ancient history and much general comment on the Roman world of which Britain was a tiny, outlying part make part of the text. In fact this is really a study for youth of the origins and nature of Roman life.

THE STREET OF THE SEVEN LITTLE SISTERS. By GLADYS PARVIS. Ralph Fletcher Seymour. 1925.

A tale of Cairo and of Mabrouk, a pretty Beduin girl, and Ben-Yusef, her boy neighbor. Their wanderings along the Nile and their strange adventures among caravans, arabs and the famous "Black Sheik" are all told simply and in a manner that will appeal to girl readers old enough to demand a love story as well as the usual happenings of a juvenile adventure story.

WIDE-OPEN EYE. By NINA PURDY. Doubleday, Page. 1925. $1.50.

The Grandmothers named her Jane-Esther-Marie, but Auntie-Lou called her Robin. Then the fairies laughed and held a meeting; the maple trees spread the word around until the brook took it up and made a song of it, and Robin, in fairy language, became Wide-Open-Eye. Robin will win the hearts of all small girls, who will find her just a little girl like themselves, and will love her odd, old "play pretend" grandfather, and the hens and the cats and the dogs and the cows that lived on the farm with Wide-Open-Eye.

This is a modern fairy tale—real life with a touch of the magic that is imagination and sunshine and human happiness.

OLD KING COLE AND OTHER MEDIÆVAL PLAYS. By JOSEPHINE ELLIOTT KROHN. Doran. 1925. $1.50.

Youngsters in schools and camps will welcome this volume of plays founded on the familiar nursery rhyme stories and their teachers will welcome it even more because of its practical arrangement and completeness of detail. Costumes are described; stage settings planned and discussed; music for the songs given, and many instructive notes added for help in the production. The plays themselves, while sometimes a trifle too ingenuous, with the moral stressed somewhat more heavily than necessary, are nevertheless full of vigor and spirit and the mediæval background excellently managed in atmosphere and detail. Of the four, we found "Old King Cole" and his lost fiddlers three the most entertaining. The others deal with the further adventures of "The Queen of Hearts," "The Song of Sixpence," and "Simple Simon."

STORMIE THE DOG STEALER. By ROBERT F. SCHUCKERS. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

A new Seckatary Hawkins story—meet a cousin of Huck Finn and help him solve a dozen mysteries of the kind boys love to run across. Dogs and boys—what they do and how they companion together—that is what it is all about. If Stormie has a nose for odd problems, the dogs have a nose for Stormie—hence his nickname. A writer who understands "us fellers" did this book.

SCOUTING ON THE MOHAWK. By EVERETT T. TOMLINSON. Appleton. 1925. $1.75.

A French and Indian war background gives the historic value of this story for boys by a well-known writer of boys' books. The history is skilfully presented in the guise of a romantic and swiftly-moving tale. Girls as well as boys will thrill to its adventures.

THE LOST KING OF OZ. By RUTH PLUMLY THOMPSON. Chicago: Reilly & Lee. 1925.

L. Frank Baum's Oz books were an excellent "property." He wrote a tremendous number of them, and finally attained, through the suffrages of the children, the title of Royal Historian of Oz. Ruth Plumly Thompson is carrying on his work and John R. Neill is still voluminously illustrating the volumes. "The Lost King of Oz" is the latest.

There is no doubt at all that the Oz books are enormously popular with many different kinds of children. Miss Thompson carries on their concoction crudely but effectively. The scene is laid for her, the characters are all there in the box of puppets; she pulls the strings again and they do a new dance. But also she introduces new characters and is fertile of plot and new incident. If bad puns are plentiful there is, at the same time, constant excitement and humor, which children chiefly demand. If it seems at times as though the fantastic were laid on with a trowel rather than handled with the deftness and subtlety of a Lewis Carroll, still this is good journeyman story-telling of a fantastical character. Miss Thompson has caught and kept the tone and pace of the Baum books in quite remarkable fashion. She displays in no sense genius but acquits herself well as a continuing sequelizer.

ARTHUR AND SQUIRREL. By JOHANNA SPYRI. Crowell. 1925. $1.50.

Why the other stories by the author of "Heidi" should all seem so flat beside that earlier and better known juvenile masterpiece, it is difficult to say. But it is certain that they do, although they contain many of the very elements that should make them popular. The hero of this story does not seem like such a very real or human little boy. He has adventures, to be sure; he is sent away from his old home to a boarding school where he is lonely and miserable; he later meets "Squirrel," a gay and mischievous little girl and it is of their friendship that the book most concerns itself. Here, too, there is a background of the Alps, but beside "Heidi" they seem more like painted scenery than the friendly snow-capped peaks and flowery pastures where goats and children can be contented for long sunny hours.

A SON OF THE CINCINNATI. By MONTAGUE BRISBARD. Small, Maynard. 1925. $2.

In "A Son of the Cincinnati," Tecumthe is idealized as an inspired peacemaker, and General Harrison is presented as a none too scrupulous military man who sought political advancement through Indian wars which he could have avoided. The main plot, however, follows the career of David Muir, a young Kentuckian who, by riotous living, loses his right to wear the emblem of the Cincinnati and has it snatched from his breast by his guardian, Henry Clay. Muir reforms and wins back the right in a series of adventures which throw him into contact with Harrison, Tecumthe, The Prophet, and other characters of the . tier. He brings about the death of h father's murderer and gains the hand of a backwoods beauty with a tidy fortune. The author has chosen an interesting period of history, but his romance is cluttered with a multitude of small sermons directed squarely against the liquor evil and gambling. It is almost a good, old-fashioned, prohibition novel, and one fears that its Indians, though they talk abundantly and fluently, are, after all, but little more than wooden Indians.

THE BOYS' LIFE OF GROVER CLEVELAND. By *Royal J. Davis*. Harpers. $1.75.

CZECHOSLOVAK FOLK TALES. Translated and published by *Raf. D. Szalatnay*, 542 West 79th Street, New York City. $2.50.

THE LITTLE SQUARE PEOPLE. By *Lois L. de Vries*. Literary Commodities, 1841 Broadway. $2.25 net.

MISS MINERVA BROADCASTS BILLY. By *Emma Speed Sampson*. Reilly & Lee

Jo's BOYS. By *Louisa Alcott*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

GOLD SEEKING ON THE DALTON TRAIL. By *Arthur R. Thompson*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE OREGON TRAIL. By *Francis Parkman*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

A PRAIRIE ROSE. By *Bertha E. Bush*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF DISCOVERY. By *T. C. Bridges*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

THE YOUNG FOLK'S BOOK OF THE HEAVENS. By *Mary Proctor*. Little, Brown. $2 net.

Miscellaneous

OLD GLASS. By N. HUDSON MOORE. Stokes. 1924. $10.

OLD SPODE. By T. S. CANNON. The Same. 1925. $5.

CHATS ON WEDGWOOD WARE. By HARRY BARNARD. The Same. $4.

In "Old Glass" Mrs. Moore makes another contribution to her list of well written, well arranged handbooks on various subspecies of the genus *antique*. The book while strictly non-technical as far as the craft is concerned gives an excellent resumé of the development of the art of glass making in the various European centers with ample illustration of the main types. The recent interest in American glass from Stiegel and Wistarberg to the products of obscure New Hampshire factories probably justifies the author in devoting about half the volume to material which otherwise would hardly merit such an allotment. To those interested chiefly in Americana the book will undoubtedly be of great service. The illustrations are clear, plentiful, and well selected.

Mr. Cannon's offering is by and large a specimen book of the output of the Spode factory and offers little except to those who wish to collect and identify such pieces. Copious illustrations from the author's own collection aided by notes on marks and succinct descriptions of the pieces involved would seem to accomplish the desired result.

The volume on Wedgwood is quite another affair since it will appeal not merely to the special collector but to anyone sensitive to the romance in the creation of an outstanding artistic and commercial enterprise in the early years of industrial expansion. While for a book of this sort an unusual amount of technical data is given the dominant idea is that of the development of the industry itself under the leadership of the Josiah Wedgwoods, father and son, during a period of more than seventy-five years. Mr. Bernard writes from "inside." His long connection with the firm has resulted not only in a direct use of source material but in a genuine love of the subject which makes the book a real contribution outside its special appeal and value to the collector.

(*Continued on next page*)

AMONG recent works of fiction a half dozen volumes seem to us worthy of mention in this column. We find George Agnew Chamberlain, who first came into prominence with "Home," a novel of no little charm, now producing "The Great Van Suttart Mystery" (Putnam). Chamberlain has meanwhile had quite a successful career as a magazine writer. Now he spins a mystery yarn of many complications, rather better written than the common average. It is a New York story, a story that begins over half a century ago, a story with glamour and thrills. In contrast to it, consider "The Pyramid of Lead" by Bertram Atkey (Appleton, $2). This story ran serially in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Its background is the English countryside, with Prosper Fair a new sort of Beloved Vagabond. He appears out of nowhere, with donkey and dog, to solve the mystery of Kern Castle. Who is the Killer who haunts the strange pyramid the eccentric Lord Kern raised in his garden? The future of a beautiful girl is involved in the finding of the Killer. Mr. Atkey's style is quite different from Mr. Chamberlain's, not nearly so journalistic. He writes with suave charm and works out his plot with much ingenuity. The story holds the attention. Another thriller is "The Secret Road" by John Ferguson, author of "Stealthy Terror" and "The Dark Geraldine" (Dodd, Mead, $2). This is another English novel, about a young Briton in the Indian Secret Service. The contest is the English Secret Service against a powerful Rajah. A world-famous jewel is involved, and a native uprising. Neville, the hero, goes through a mort of exciting adventures.

Mr. Wyndham Martyn involves both New York and London in *his* mystery tales, most of which he has written in the desolate Mojave Desert. His latest is "The Return of Anthony Trent" (Barse & Hopkins). He is an old hand at the construction of a mystery story, concocts his situations well and writes natural dialogue. F. Hugh Herbert, in "There You Are!" (Macaulay, $2), supplies us, on the other hand, with f It is extremely rapid-fire farce, invol the younger generation and a great dea promiscuous kissing. It is rather vu and also rather funny. The author s to have taken a leaf out of Ben Tra yarns as to compromising complications his technique is hardly that of a Tra Of more significance is Edwin Bal latest "That Royle Girl" (Dodd, M $2). This story ran serially in *Hearst' ternational* with attractive illustratio Schabelitz. It features the contrast in birth, background, and temperament of Calvin Clarke, the State's Attorney, New England to the bone, and Joan Daisy Royle of nondescript origins. She is the champion of Fred Ketlar, a jazz-composer and leader of a dance-hall orchestra who goes to prison accused of the murder of his wife. Calvin Clarke, against all his training and what he thinks are his true instincts, falls in love with her. The trial of Ketlar and the working out of whether he was actually guilty or not, including Jean Daisy's testimony, takes up a large part of the story. There is mystery and excitement. Mr. Balmer writes graphic narrative. As for Harry Sinclair Drago, in "The Snow Patrol" (Macaulay, $2), he deals with the Northwest Mounted and the barren grounds, with concentrated action and vivid local color. In "Pickaninny," on the other hand (Duffield, $1.25), Estelle M. Swearingen takes the real South as background for a tale for children, dealing with a little negro child with a sympathy that Ruth Comfort Mitchell feels (see her foreword) will really help "in wiping out fixed and bitter boundary lines."

As to "Ashe of Rings" by Mary Butts it seems enough to say here that this is one of the interesting Contact books brought out by the Contact Editions, Three Mountains Press, 29, Quai d'Anjou, Ile Saint-Louis, Paris, France. It is impressionistically, elliptically written, with flashes of insight and amateurisms, with subtlety and claptrap. Its enjoyment is for the few. Its chief influence appears to be May Sinclair.

In "The English Novel of Today" Gerald Gould assays twentieth century fiction (Lincoln MacVeagh, The Dial Press, $2). This is an importation. The author skims from Lawrence and Joyce to the best sellers, taking in all sorts and conditions of what may be loosely grouped as "sociological" novels and discussing the smaller groups of writers. This is a guide-book by an intelligent and discriminating writer, but the books discussed are all English.

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AT BOOKSTORES

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The New Books

Miscellaneous

(*Continued from preceding page*)

STAY YOUNG. By Raymond Leslie Goldman. Macmillan. 1925. $2.

This is one of the few convincing "inspirational" books we have ever read, and it wins a high place in our esteem because of its sincerity, simplicity, and complete absence of flatulent, materialistic "bunk." The chapters deal honestly and competently with subjects of such universal interest as "Physical Fitness," "Exercising for Health," "Mastering Your Nerves," "The Proper State of Mind." Obese persons suffering from the sins of gluttony are given the rigid training schedule followed by professional athletes for reducing weight and yet at the same time increasing their combined energies. Victims of excessive leanness are offered equally sound advice in seeking to cover their bones more substantially. Either course requires, to produce lasting, satisfactory results, that the subject must exert and control himself considerably, a hardship not all of us may successfully endure. Mr. Goldman writes from the experience of a lifelong struggle for health, of which infantile paralysis deprived him at the age of four. He tells of his own gradual victory over the condition of a seemingly hopless permanent cripple and his ultimate possession of a strong, healthy body whose only handicap is a slight limp. The solution of his problem was accompanied by more dire trials than are essential to getting thinner or fatter.

Simon and Schuster's Cross-Word Puzzle Manual. Simon & Schuster. $2.50.

A Guide to Good Golf. By *James M. Barnes.* Dodd, Mead. $2.

The Romance of Monte Carlo. By *Charles Kingston.* Dodd, Mead. $4.

Soldier and Sailor Words and Phrases. Compiled by *Edward Fraser* and *John Gibbons.* Dutton. $5.

Electricity and the Structure of Matter. By *L. Southerns.* Oxford University Press. $1 net.

Spanish Grail Fragments. Edited by *Karl Pietsch.* University of Chicago Press.

The Invention of Printing in China and Its Spread Westward. By *Thomas Francis Carter.* Columbia University Press. $7.50.

An Introduction to Statistical Methods. By *Horace Secrist.* Macmillan.

The Origin of Prohibition. By *John A. Krout.* Knopf. $3.50 net.

The Opera. By *R. A. Streatfield.* Fifth Edition. Dutton. $3.75.

Hunting the Fox. By *Lord Willoughby de Broke.* Scribners. $5.

LOEB CLASSICS

Plato. Vol III. The Statesman, Philetur. Translated by *Harold N. Fowles.* Ion. Translated by *W. R. M. Lamb.* Putnams. $2.50.

Plato. Vol. IV. Laches: Protagoras: Meno: Euthydemus. Translated by *W. R. M. Lamb.* Putnams. $2.50.

Xenophon: Scripta Minora. Translated by *C. C. Marchant.* Putnams. $2.50.

Lucian. Vol IV. Translated by *A. M. Harmon.* Putnams. $2.50.

Frontinus: The Stratagems and the Aqueducts of Rome. Translated by *Charles E. Bennett.* Putnams. $2.50.

Homer: The Iliad. Vol. II. Translated by *A. T. Murray.* Putnams. $2.50.

Polybius: The Histories. Vol. IV. Translated by *W. R. Paton.* Putnams. $2.50.

The Scriptores Historiae Augustae. Translated by *David Magie.* Putnams. $2.50.

The Reader's Guide

Conducted by May Lamberton Becker

Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to Mrs. Becker, c/o *The Saturday Review.*

A BALANCED RATION

The Perennial Bachelor. By *Anne Parrish* (Harpers).

Charles Dickens and Other Victorians. By *Sir Arthur Quiller Couch* (Putnams).

What's O'Clock. By *Amy Lowell* (Houghton Mifflin).

L. B. M., New York, asks: "which of the many biographies of Woodrow Wilson is considered the most authoritative, not only from the historical point of view but as literature, and in the completeness, brilliancy and accuracy of its summing up of his life and his administration."

IT may take as long to get the biography of our War President as it did to get a history of our Civil War. Meantime, in the list of books appended to that most useful and readable pamphlet, "An Outline of Biography from Plutarch to Strachey," by Wilbur L. Cross (Holt, 25 cents), the one named for President Wilson is Ray Stannard Baker's "Woodrow Wilson and World Settlement" (Doubleday, Page, 3 volumes) and I believe that this choice would be quite generally approved. "Woodrow Wilson's Case for the League of Nations," compiled with his approval by Hamilton Foley and published by the Princeton University Press, is by no means to be omitted, however, in coming to conclusions. I value it in something the same way that I prefer "The Corsican," a compilation of Napoleon Bonaparte's own words in letters and documents, to most of his formal biographies. Mr. Foley's compilation is every word taken from state documents, speeches, and other utterances. Two volumes of "Messages and and Papers of Woodrow Wilson" have lately been published by Doran, prepared by Albert Show; they go from 1013 to 1923. This was reviewed in the *Saturday Review* for June 13, when the other collections of the Presidents's papers that have appeared in book form were listed.

The publishers of Owen Wister's "Philosophy Four," Macmillan, fear that the wording of my reference to it in a recent Guide may give someone the impression that it is out of print. I don't see how, but in case I may have deflected someone from getting this all-too truthful study of college life and human character, I am glad to hand on their statement that "we have every expectation that the book will stay in print and go on selling for many years to come." C. W. S., under whose initials citizens of Rochester may recognize the proprietor of a mighty fine bookshop, says "tell me, please, who is bringing out the new edition of 'Heidi' which we understand you are editing? We have orders for the book." How much we learn when we travel! this news quite made me gasp. No, not this time it must be someone else. H. P. S., New York—and these initials hold a famous name—says that he lately read a statement that the despised "blurb" of today descends from the early title pages that did not hesitate to blow a horn for the author. In proof thereof he encloses a copy of a volume by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, published in 1583, set forth as follows: A Defensative Against the Poyson of Supposed Prophecies: not hitherto confuted by the penne of any man, which being grounded, eyther uppon the warrant and authority of old paynted bookes, expositions of dreams, oracles, revelations, invocations of damned spirits, judicialles of astrologie, or any other kind of pretended knowledge whatsoever, De futuris contingentibus; have beene causes of great disorder in the commonwealth, and cheefely among the simple and unlearned people: very needefull to be published at this time, considering the late offence which grew by most palpable and grosse errors in astrology.

A Shakespeare Club in Groton, Conn., twenty-five years old, is to devote twenty programs this year to "The Times of Shakespeare."

"SHAKESPEARE'S England," prepared by the Oxford University Press in honor of the Tercentenary, was planned by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1905, undertaken by Sir Sidney Lee as editor in 1909, carried on by several editors withdrawn one by one for war duties, and brought to completion in 1916 under the direction of C. T. Onions. It is in two large volumes, beautifully printed and freely illustrated: there are articles on every aspect of life of the period, each by a famous authority on the subject. Naturally it is not inexpensive, but it costs much less than the books this club would have to collect to carry out, not so well, such a program. When it is time for a Spring meeting, look up Esther Singleton's "The Shakespeare Garden" (Century); this tells how to make one and goes back to Shakespeare and before his day for garden history and legends.

G. H., New York, is shocked and grieved that I did not name "Dr. Little's Dog Book" (McBride) in my reply to L. E. S., who was beginning to bring up a puppy. When a reader feels like that it is usually caused by a good book. I learn from its chapter headings that it accompanies a dog from the cradle to the grave and keeps him out of the latter as long as possible; the author was for eight years head physician to the S. P. C. A.

A. H. M., New York, has received from England a book published in 1821 with the lavish title "The English Hermit, or Surprising Life and Adventures of Phillip Quarll, Who Was Discovered by an English Merchant on an Uninhabited Island in the South-Sea Where He had Lived upwards of Fifty Years Without Any Human Assistance." He writes about it:

The story is very interesting, savoring somewhat of "Robinson Crusoe," although the author in his preface disclaims any indebtedness to Defoe, saying that his narrative probably will not interest those of his intelligence who like Crusoe but is for the readers who enjoyed "Gulliver's Travels." Now, this author who damns Defoe and lifts Swift to the heights all in one sentence fails to subscribe his own name to his work. Do you know who wrote the narrative of the hapless Mr. Quarll?

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE, who in 1870 used it for the opening tale of her "Storehouse of Stories" (many of which she took from the famous old "Childrens' Miscellany") says: "'Philip Quarll' came to us with the reputation of being by Daniel Defoe, but we have never found anything to warrant the supposition, and from the company in which we found it and its general tone, we rather suspect that it must have been written in the period preceding the French Revolution by some ardent believer in the comforts and benefits of primeval simplicity." She says that it had long been a favorite story to tell to children, for she had even seen it reduced to rhyme in a little pictured nursery-book.

The only copy I have seen has a title somewhat different from A. H. M.'s: "The Adventures of Phillip Quarll the English Hermit, who was Discovered by Mr. Dorrington on an Uninhabited Island." It is a chap-book published around 1823—not dated on the title-page—by Hodgson of Newgate, and was one of a set of tales of shipwreck and adventure extremely popular at the period, now bound together in a book in the British Museum. It has a beautiful folding frontispiece in colors, showing Quarll with a beard to his waist surrounded by scenes from his island career, but these are not so engrossing as those in another of the set, in "The True and Affecting History of Henrietta Belgrave, a Woman Born Only For Calamity," published about this time by Richardson of Derby, and showing in at least five colors the shipwrecked Henrietta in elegant oriental costume entirely surrounded by Sheiks. I wonder what success a set of stories like this would have in reprints? They were certainly best-sellers in their day.

J. C. R., Macon, Ga., is looking for a biography of Catherine of Russia, and has not been able to find in English as stirring and unusual treatment as he thinks anyone so unusual as the Great Catherine deserves.

THERE is not so much as one would think, considering the extent and character of the material. I believe that most American readers, asked to name a book about her without looking up the reference, would fall back on Bernard Shaw's "Great Catherine," and it is from this piquant and irreverent image that most of us now get our idea of her. Possibly Doris Kean's appearance in Lengyel's "The Czarina" may have helped us. "The Life and Character of Catherine the Great of Russia," by E. A. B. Hodgetts, a standard biography, was published in America by Brentano in 1924. Kasimir Waliszewski's "Romance of an Empress" (Appleton) deals with her, and she appears in the gossiping pages of "Seven Splendid Sinners," W. R. Trowbridge (Brentano, 1910) and "The Comedy of Catherine the Great," by F. H. Gribble (Putnam). They there are of course the essays on her reign and those preceding and following it, in the "Cambridge Modern History," that indispensable adjunct to a student's reference library.

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A Practical View

of government as it is linked with the life of every citizen. Treating national, state, and local institutions as parts of a single organization, this book shows the network of governmental machinery under which the American citizen lives, and points out the relationship of each part to the others and to the whole. *Government in Illinois.* By Walter F. Dodd and Sue Hutchison Dodd. $3.00, postpaid $3.15.

THE University of Chicago Press CHICAGO

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When Doubleday, Page & Company offered an autographed copy of "The Constant Nymph" to each of the writers of the 25 best letters on *Why is "The Constant Nymph" the best selling book of the year?* they expected an enthusiastic answer. But they did not expect the geographical land-slide of letters which poured in for weeks.

There were opinions from every section of the hemisphere from Porto Rico to Canada, inclusive.

One fact in particular has retarded the business of judging—the uniform excellence of the replies received makes elimination a difficult task. But the work of selection goes on, and as soon as the judges have reached their decision announcement will be made and the autographed books will start on their way to the winners.

One thing the publishers have learned from this contest—that the interest and comprehension and enthusiasm of those who have read "The Constant Nymph" are largely responsible for the fact that it has entered on that road which is open to so few books—the Second Hundred Thousand.

THE CONSTANT NYMPH

By Margaret Kennedy

Doubleday, Page & Co. $2.00

The Phoenix Nest

ANNE PARRISH is to be congratulated upon her Harper prize novel—not because she has won a prize, but because she has written, in "The Perennial Bachelor," the best novel of her career so far. It is an excellent piece of work, well constructed, vivid, heart-breaking, entertaining, full of luscious detail, and *right* in all its details of the rural life of America as represented by a certain Delaware family for a period of seventy years from before the Civil War to the present day. The underlying idea of "The Perennial Bachelor" is striking in its human tragedy, and no less so in all its humors. Crisp and clean-cut and refreshing, like a nosegay fresh from an old garden is the book's early charm that changes to an absorbingly graphic record of fatality. * * * Here is the whole life story of the Campion children, so real that the throat aches with the pity of it at the end but so full of utterly convincing incidents of life at The Maples through a generation that the family becomes as real to one as the people one knows. * * * Mrs. Corliss has finally brought all her best talents to bear, without compromise, upon a theme to which she does perfect justice, without exaggeration or hokum or sensationalism. * * * Here are the minor tragedies of commonplace human lives, leaving the realization that no tragedy is minor nor is any life commonplace. Hence this book is vital, it leaves a sharply stamped impression upon the mind. * * * Dutton has imported a book by *Edward Carpenter* and *George Barnefield* on the Psychology of *Shelley*. The brief analysis is interesting if not wholly conclusive. Now seems to be the day for psyching all the poets of the past! * * * In "The Happy Failure *Solita Solano*, with her peculiar staccato, has made a *pointilliste* study of a youth who breaks away from the conventional life of his family. Her Timothy is not wholly admirable, of course, but quite convincing. His story is told with more tenderness and less brutality than the tale of the "hero" of "The Uncertain Feast." In writing "The Happy Failure" Miss Solano demonstrates her range in the treatment of very different types. And while the material of her story is not as interesting in itself (that is, to us) as the material handled in her former novel, her treatment of it is distinctive and striking. We have thoroughly enjoyed *Ben Travers's* latest farce, "Mischief," which succeeds in publication in this country, "A Cuckoo in the Nest," and "The Dippers," and "Rookery Nook." Mr. Travers is our favorite light English novelist and handles a mess of characters and absurd complications with delicious adroitness. * * * We seem to be in a genial mood today! So far, nothing but praise! * * * Yet all around us is the howling wilderness attendant upon the moving into new offices! * * * "The Misty Flats," by *Helen Woodbury*, and *Thomas Boyd's* "Samuel Drummond" have been specially sent us, but we haven't been able to look into them yet. * * * A new book of poems by *Charles Divine* is to be out this fall (Thomas Seltzer). It is a book of narratives called "The Road to Town." * * * Mr. Divine was born and brought up in an up-state town called Binghampton, and spent considerable time on a farm "along the road to town." * * * And this fall Brentano's will produce Captain *Achmed Abdullah's* latest, a collection of short stories, "The Swinging Caravan." Abdullah has received word from Paris that he has been honored by the French Academy. His short stories of four years ago, "The Honorable Gentleman," have been crowned in their French translation made by Mme. Clemenceau-Jacqueluaire. The Académie Française has given them the Pris L'Anglois, this being the first time the Academy has honored an American writer. * * * *Heywood Broun's* "Gandle Follows His Nose," which will be out in October seems to us to have an excellent fundamental idea. And watch out for *Sherwood Anderson's* new novel, "Dark Laughter" (Liveright). The "mysterious, detached, strange laughter of the negro" undertones the story. * * * Liveright is also bringing out the poetry of *Robinson Jeffers*. We read "Tamar," which received such acclaim from certain critics, and there is no doubt that Mr. Jeffers has range and power. "Tamar" we thought congested. Mr. Jeffers seeks always for electrifying subjects and, in our opinion, handles them splashily, with too much sound and fury, often signifying very little. We cannot see his genius, his derivations seem to us too obvious. But he undoubtedly is a new poet to reckon with and deserving serious attention. * * * *Corey Ford's* "Three Rousing Cheers" will be one of the best humorous volumes of the fall. * * * *Elinor Wylie's* inimitable fantasy, "The Venetian Glass Nephew" will soon be published. * * * A new book of poems by *Stephen Vincent Benét*, "Tiger Joy" is also just appearing. * * * *Ben Ray Redman* tells us that when he finished the manuscript of "Peter the Czar" by *Klabund*, he felt it was one of the most powerful pieces of fiction he had ever read. Klabund is a German and has written "a brutal, spare book" in which Peter the Great emerges as the very incarnation "of Holy, and unholy, Russia." The publication date is September 18th. * * * We are about half through *Jeffery E. Jeffery's* "An Octave," the story of eight days in the life of a minor English publisher when everything began to go wrong. It is adequately handled and pleasant reading, although this ironical comedy does not so far seem to us extraordinary. The work carries conviction and the style is natural and easy. * * * "Mesa, Canon and Pueblo," out this autumn, written by *Charles F. Lummis*, should prove an interesting volume upon the Southwest. Mr. Lummis has already written a number of books upon this territory and has been decorated by the King of Spain for his Spanish-American researches. * * * "The Naked Man," by *Vere Hutchinson*, sister of *A. S. M.*, is reported from London as smashing and uncompromising. *G. B. Stern* commends it. It sounds like powerful tragedy, and, personally, our money is on Miss Vere rather than on her best-seller brother. * * * A book by *Fred Erving Dayton* that ought to come along in late October treats a subject we find fascinating,—the story of steamboats on all American waterways. It is to be called "Steamboat Days" and records in a sumptuously illustrated volume the story of the steamboat on the Hudson, Lake Champlain, the Sound, Massachusetts and Maine Coast and South Atlantic Coast lines, Great Lake steamers and those of the Ohio and Mississippi. * * * The late *John Wolcott Adams* who did so much illustrating for famous magazines and specialized in Colonial subjects did pictures almost as beautiful as etchings for this book. Stokes is the publisher. * * * *Amy Lowell's* posthumous book of poems, "What's o'Clock," (just out) is likely to prove the most popular of her books of poems. Before publication the first edition had been practically sold out and a second was already on the press. * * * Books on *Byron* seem now to be endless. We note "Byron in Perspective," by *J. D. Symon*, appearing this fall with some hitherto unpublished letters. * * * *Hugh Lofting*, "Doctor Dolittle," is now in France, writing and illustrating. His "Doctor Dolittle's Zoo" is his new children's book for October. * * * When his publishers asked *Don Herold*, the well-known comic draughtsman, for biographical material in connection with his new amazing volume, "Bigger and Better," he replied:

> Studied art on hop-scotch grounds of Bloomfield (Indiana) public school for eight years. Stricken with indolence in 1922, since which all work under my name has been done by my twin children, age seven.

* * * *Albert Mordell* has compiled two volumes of the writings of *Lafcadio Hearn*, practically all of which now appear in book-form for the first time. The famous Ozias Midwinter letters, never before reprinted, are included. The title of the book is "Occidental Gleanings" (Dodd, Mead). * * * *Robert Haven Schauffler's* "The Poetry Cure" is promised by the same publishers. This is an anthology done in an amusingly original way. Some of the section headings are: "Poppy Juice for Insomnia," "Electric Vibrators for a Torpid Imagination," "Massage Appliances for a Hide-bound Spirit," "Stimulants for a Faint Heart," and so on. * * * Now that memories of the Women's National at Forest Hills still linger, it is interesting to note that *Suzanne Lenglen's* "Tennis for Women" is available. Miss Lenglen was about the only woman tennis star who *wasn't* present at the Stadium. * * * And so, gentles and simples, a fond adieu!

THE PHŒNICAN

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

HUNTING BIG GAME

VERY few booksellers in a generation have the distinction of owning a copy of the Gutenberg Bible, the first book to be printed from movable type. The appearance of a copy in the book market is an event in which collectors the world over are interested. The story of the experience of Edward Goldston, a London bookseller, who went book hunting and brought this greatest of all books home, is told in a personal letter from which we print the following paragraphs:

"On the 6th day of July I first heard that a Gutenberg Bible was in the market and I expected to see it in Cologne. The next morning I left London and on reaching Cologne was surprised to hear that I had still another day's journey to make before I could see it. I made up my mind to go after it, and next day went to Vienna where I heard that it was still forty miles away at the Melk Monastery.

"As soon as I arrived at the monastery I inspected the book and determined at all costs to possess it. The price demanded was high, but considering the beauty and rarity of the book, I at once fixed the contract price and left for London to make the arrangements about the cash. Fortunately this was not a difficult matter and after only a few hours in London I left again for Vienna. Within a fortnight I was back again in London with the two volumes of the Gutenberg Bible in my possession.

"The copy belonged to the famous Melk Monastery where it has been treasured for 300 years and is still clean and in perfect condition, and is fully described in Schwenke's supplementary volume to the "Gutenberg 42 Line Bibles" published by Insel Verlag of Leipzig. Several difficulties presented themselves on account of the authorities in Vienna not wishing to let the copy leave the country as it was much better than the one in the Vienna National Library, with which I compared my copy page for page. However, I succeeded in carrying my treasure home and am the proud possessor of the one book in the world which a real bookseller would like most to own.

"A peculiarity of my various journeys across the Continent was the way I was pursued by the lucky number 13. On four occasions my sleeping berth was No. 13, and I landed in London after my first trip on Monday July 13, with 113 shillings in silver in my pockets and I noticed also that my German visa was dated to expire on the 13th. On the 13th I paid a solicitor in Cologne for a contract with regard to the Bible and his receipt was written on the back of a sheet torn from a calendar which was dated the 13th. Curiously enough the copy of the Bible now in my possession is one of 13 known complete copies in the world, the others being I believe all in national libraries."

It will be many a day before a bookseller has a more interesting adventure to tell in the hunt for big game in the rare book world.

AMY LOWELL AS COLLECTOR.

IN the current number of *The Book Collector's Quarterly* Ernest Dressel North tells of nearly thirty years' acquaintance with Amy Lowell as a patron of his bookshop. From this article we take the following paragraphs:

"It was in a spacious, well-lit parlor in the Hotel Vendome, Boston, in the winter of 1895, that I first met Amy Lowell. She was just about twenty years of age with fresh complexion and brilliant eyes. Her knowledge at that time was vast and positive. The only book that I recall selling was a first edition of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers."

"I made three other visits to her delightful home at Brookline, each time to have a cup of tea and sit before an open fire with a blazing welcome to talk about autographs, books, and authors. Her reading and her knowledge covered a vast range. Her knowledge of her own wants was very positive. I recall many instances when she refused books and autographs not because they were too costly but because they were only "near great."

"Among the notable English and American authors that she collected were the following: Arnold, Bronte, Browning, Dickens, Eliot, Goldsmith, Hardy, Hawthorne, Hunt, Keats, Kingsley, Kipling, Lamb, Landor, Rossetti, Tennyson, and Wordsworth. Among the noted foreign writers: Balzac, Barbey, Beraldi, Coppée, de Musset, Fenelon, Goethe, Huysmans, Pascal, Rousseau, Verlaine, and Voltaire.

"Among her most prized treasures was the original manuscript of Charles Lamb's well known essay, 'Grace Before Meat' written on eight pages folio which was sent to the *London Magazine* in 1821, signed 'Elia' in three places and addressed to Messrs. Taylor & Hessey. This she used to show with keen delight to her visitors."

THE MUSEE BALZAC SAVED.

FROM Paris comes the report that the house in which Balzac lived at 47 Rue Raynouard, Passy, at the French Capital, from 1842 to 1848 and in which he wrote many novels, including "Cousin Betty," "Cousin Pons" and "Mercedet," has been saved from destruction by a New York bookseller, Gabriel Wells. In recent years the house was filled with mementoes of the French novelist, and has been maintained as the Musée Balzac by the Société Honoré de Balzac, but as the society did not feel able to buy and preserve it, its owners had decided that it must be removed to make room for improvements.

Gabriel Wells, who has been spending some weeks in Paris, learned of the danger of losing the Musee Balzac and at once, so it is said, subscribed 50,000 francs to buy the building, at the same time informing the society that it could draw upon him for a larger sum if necessary to acquire the property. His action aroused great enthusiasm among French collectors and literary men. André Chancerel, treasurer of the Balzac Society, said: "The action of Mr. Wells in leaping—that is the appropriate word—to the rescue of the house of Balzac is a very handsome one, and the entire world of French letters appreciates it at its true value. But for us, the Balzacians, so numerous in the land of France and on the young soil of the United States and throughout the world, what will not be our appreciation?"

NOTE AND COMMENT.

THE first edition of the poems of Edna Dean Proctor will be published by Houghton Mifflin Company this Fall.

A bibliography of the first editions of the works of Maurice Baring by Leslie Chaundry has just been published by Dulau and Co., Ltd., of London. Desmond MacCarthy writes an introduction. The edition is limited to 250 copies.

Daniel C. Haskel, has compiled for the New York Public Library a "Check-List of Early English Printing, 1475-1640, in the New York Public Library," the first part of which, (A to Dyke) appears in the current number of the *Bulletin*. The printing of the list at this time comes in response to a request from A. W. Pollard for help in connection with the Union List of Early English Printing which he is preparing for the Bibliographical Society.

The fourth semi-annual volume of *The Fleuron*, edited in England by Oliver Simon and published in this country by the Chaucer Head Bookshop at 32 West 47th Street, has just been received and contains articles of great interest to collectors. Frederic Warde, formerly of the Princeton University Press and now associated with Stanley Morrison in London, contributes a valuable article on Bruce Rogers accompanied with a check-list of Rogers's books which have been signed with his name or initials. This list covers Mr. Rogers's work for thirty years.

The Salad Bowl

There are no very definite conclusions as to what The Novel is. So tangled has the question now become that I fancy that if you were to present a gentleman from Mars, who had a healthy interest in English literature, with a page of Mrs. Virginia Woolf's "Jacob's Room," a free verse by Miss Edith Sitwell, and one of Mr. Pearsall Smith's "Trivia," he would be puzzled to name the one of these three belonging to the genre of the novel.
—Hugh Walpole, in a lecture on The English Novel at Cambridge University, 1925.

Everything is obvious, the diction mere commonplace. The rhythm is that of a rocking horse, and the sentiment mere sugar. But what a relief! What a relief to have escaped for once from *le mot propre*, from subtle elaboration of diction and metre, from complicated states of mind, and all the profound obscurities of Shakespeare and Mr. T. S. Eliot.
—From Lytton Strachey's address on Pope.

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AMERICAN TURF REGISTER and Sporting Magazine, volume 15, 1844, also the following numbers or the engravings,—Vol. IV, October 1832, Indians gathering wild-rice. April 1833, "Timolion."—Volume VII, June 1836, "Tramp"—Volume VIII. November 1836 "Felt"—Volume XIV. April 1843, "Grey Eagle," January 1843, "Fashion."

Memorials of the Discovery and Early Settlement of the Bermudas, by Sir J. H. Lefroy, 2 vols. London 1877-79.

Down the West Branch by Capt. C. A. J. Farrar.

Heroes and Heroines of the Grand National.

The Acadians in Song and Story, Ficklin.

In Acadia, Ficklin, New Orleans, 1893.

"The Rock Floor of Intermont Plains of the Arid Regions" by Charles Rollins Keyes, pub. in Bulletin of Geological Society of America, vol. 19, 1908.

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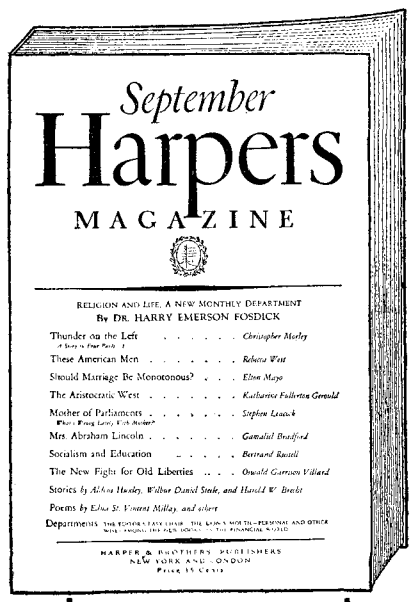
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